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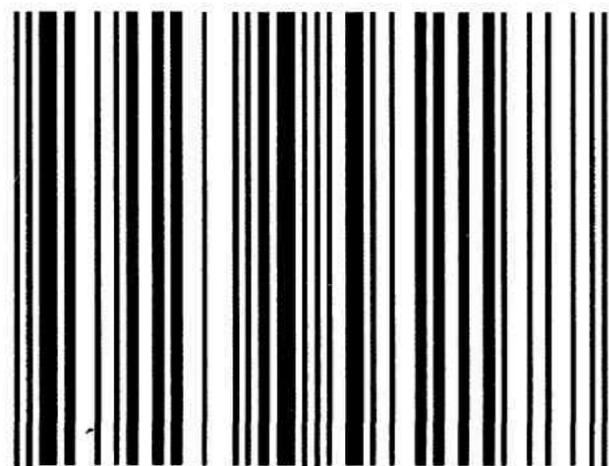
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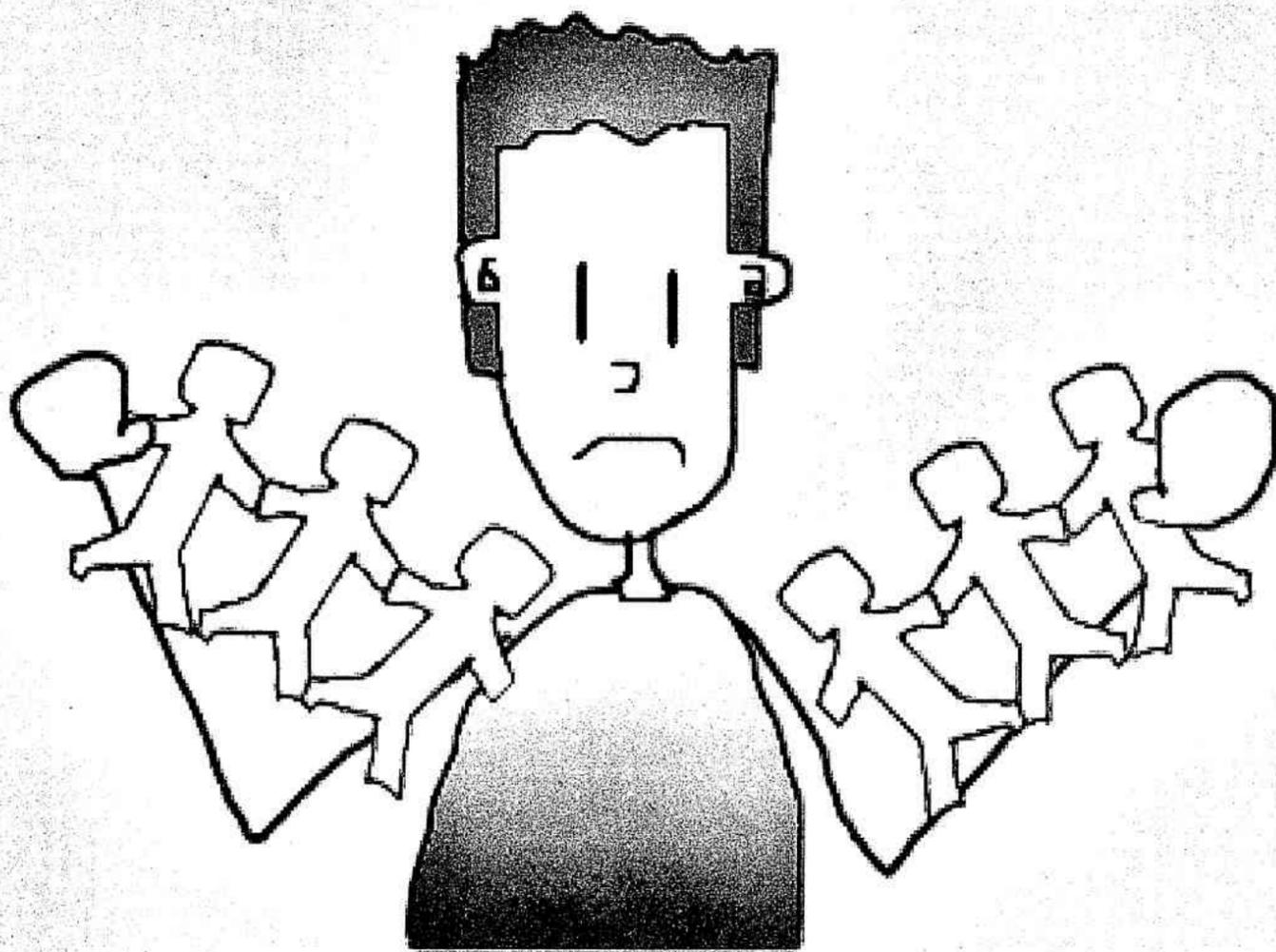
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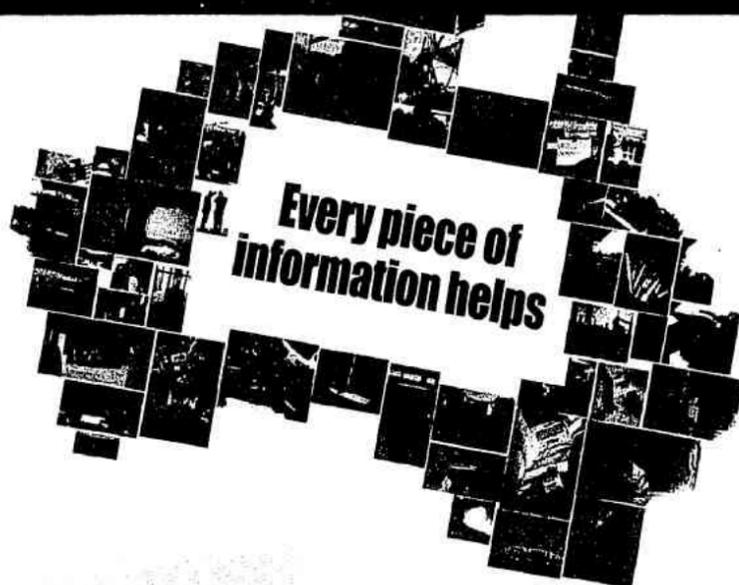
politics =

You shouldn't always try to
cut out the middle man...



...especially when you are
making a paper doll chain...

© malpi



Woroni Volume 57

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We, the Woroni Editors, wish to acknowledge the Ngunnawal people as the original inhabitants of the land that our office is situated upon.

In its fifty-seventh year, Woroni is the official magazine of the Australian National University's Students' Association ('ANUSA'). The ideas communicated through articles and images printed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editors or of office-holders at ANUSA. Woroni is published by the Directors of Student Publications for ANUSA.

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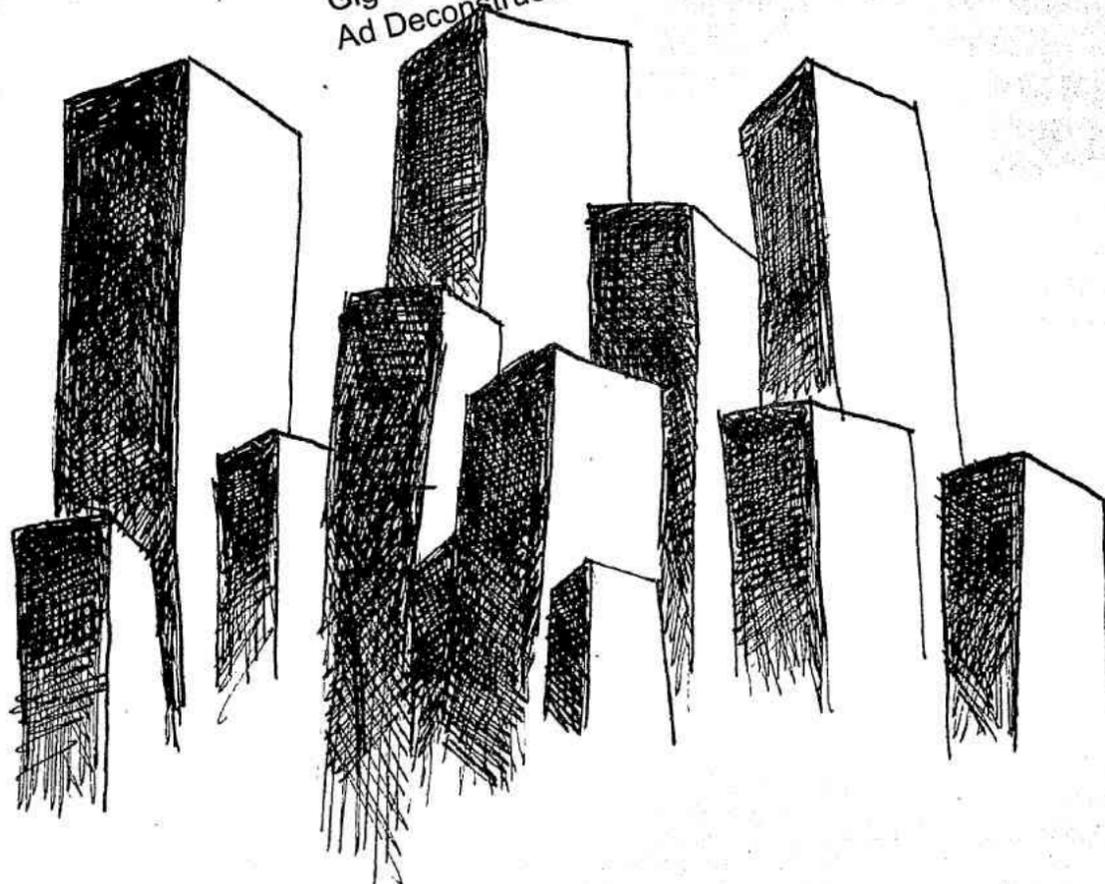
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Rachael Kendrick, Michelle Bond, Sarah Firth, Rachael Allen, Michelle Gordon, Tim Vines, Tim Ivins, May Kung, Stephen Still, Tamara Russell, DSP, all of our contributors and our dreamy sub-editors.

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Fan and Hate Mail

Burgie Mattie Wants His With Grease

Dear woroni

where dollies go???

It's not fair that stupid unilodge takes it place in the car-park? who the fuck do they think they are???? buncha corporate hacks, trying to steal my midnight food in the naem (sic) of saving the accomodation (sic) crisis!!!! fuck them. I mean, toad hall is a shitty place to put a food van, it not get no business, you should look into this. First doghouse, now dolly's, how many of our beloved food vans will suffer at the hands of the planning and land authority? i for one won't stand for it. i really like that song by end of fashion, 'oh yeah!' it's in my head at teh (sic) moment,

love matt

**[Patchy: Don't lament the loss of this cesspit
Source of spews and bums that spit
A van of filth where prices rise
In conjunction with slurs and rolls of eyes
Where a head-stocked owner once stalked a friend
And to leave the country she had to pretend
Dollies was fun, it had its time
But that was 1989]**

Dave Likes His Sausage Rolls

Dear Woroni,

I'd like to thank Mr Moody for his letter in the last Woroni. It is always a pleasure to see someone taking an active interest in the ANU Union and suggestions are always extremely welcome.

I think it would be best perhaps to start by outlining exactly how much the Union receives in students' GSF each year. The Union which Mr Moody calls a black hole receives about \$216 000 every year as its allocation of the GSF that's collected. That works out to roughly about \$20 from every student, every year. Now to place that amount into perspective, the Union turns over annually \$5 500 000.

Now Mr Moody argued that the Union does not provide quality, value-for-money food at any of its outlets. And while I can't agree, I do recognise that Mr Moody has a concern and more importantly I realise that he is not the only one who shares that concern. I will be the first to admit that the Union can be better and I also believe that one of the fundamental drivers of positive change is constructive criticism.

The question is, then, how do we provide cheaper food? One option could be to go with Mr Moody's suggestion of shutting the entire place down. This may have questionable

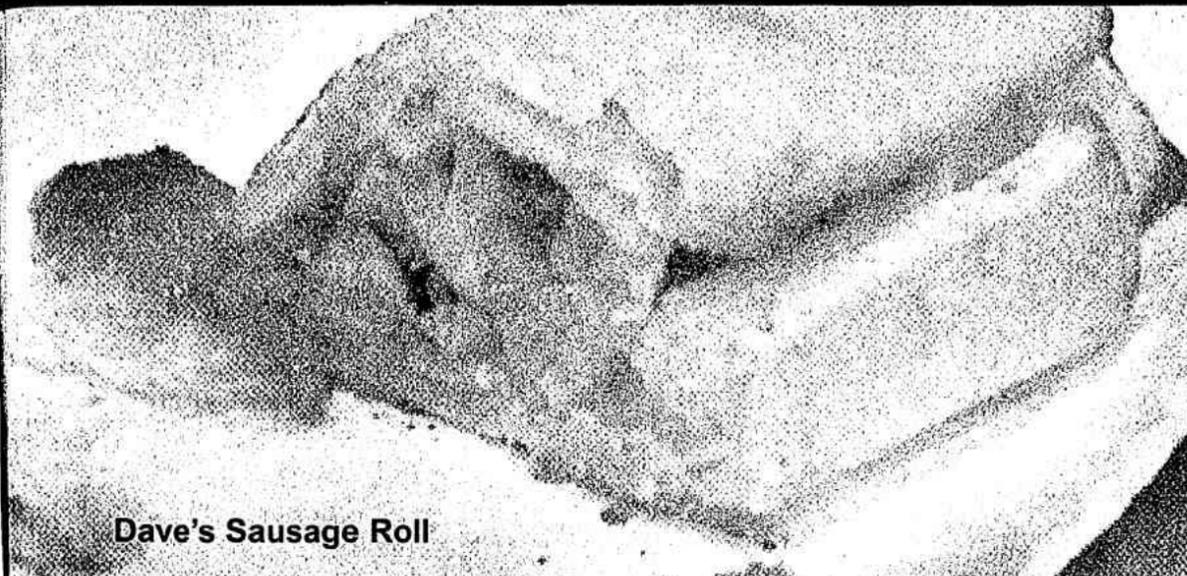
results in so far as improving the services we provide and the 32 permanent and as many as 60 casual staff that we employ may also take issue with this move, but it is good to see that Mr Moody is putting ideas out there. You see it is very easy to want things to be cheaper and if you think that there is a member of this board or a member of staff at this union who doesn't then you're crazy. The reality is, however, that there are obstacles to this, for instance, the take-away store you go to may not enjoy a massive captive market as you put it, but nor does it suffer from having virtually no market for 20 odd weeks of the year. Neither does it have to deal with drunken Uni students climbing around in the Uni bar ceiling or kicking holes in walls during after-exams celebrations. Damages of this sort have cost the Union about \$20 000 in the last couple of months alone. So while the Union may be subsidised, that subsidy is simply not large enough to provide food cheap enough to keep everybody happy all the time, given the other services we offer as well and the fact that people keep falling through the roof.

All the same the subsidy we receive ensures that we can offer a wide range of services and choices. If, like Mr Moody fried food isn't your go, the Union provides a sandwich bar, a vegetarian outlet, a juice bar and healthy options at its other shops. Those same subsidies have also meant that the Union has been able to absorb many price increases instead of passing them on, provide \$5 meals on Thursday nights, free BBQs at Thursday lunch times for second semester, and extremely good value-for-money student deals that run every day and in every store.

So I understand Mr Moody's concerns, however, I do find it extremely offensive that Mr Moody seems to be criticising the staff of the Union who are entirely committed to providing the best possible service for students on this campus and are an extremely talented and gregarious group of individuals. I invite any Mr Moody to level any criticisms at myself as chair and at the board, as we and we alone are ultimately responsible for the decisions and directions of the ANU Union and we're the ones to be held accountable to students.

But to be honest mate, I mean you wanted us to shut down Calypso, which isn't even an outlet that we run. I can't help but feel that you have no interest in either ascertaining the truth or achieving a better outcome for students. You seem more interested in criticism for its own sake and as a means for somehow justifying your loss in last year's Board elections.

Cheers
Dave Sykes
Abominably Incompetent Union Chair



Dave's Sausage Roll

Feel free to email us
your mutterings:

woroni@anu.edu.au

More Comments About Pat

Dear Woroni,
I have some comments about last issue.

First, Patrick Moody's article starts by saying he's going to do something "unpopular": defend popular culture. Then it turns out half the magazine is defences of popular culture. Funny. Ironic. Also, he says he wants to look at the reasons why popular culture is so popular, but he forgets a major one, which is that Britney is HOT. Oh my god she is so hot. When she was topless on the Rolling Stone cover, it ruled. Sometimes she breathes hard in her songs. Sick. I wish she'd do a video nasty. Anyway, I thought I should point out that other reason. Then Mr. Moody says criticisms of pop culture are boring and generic. Come on, Mr. Moody! I'm sure if maggots could write, their articles would have headlines like "Rotting Meat: Why the Bad Press?"

Secondly, the music section reviewed three CDs and they were all rock. Where's, like, the sick beats and shit?

Thirdly, some of the letters people write to you are polemical well past the point of unkind. But you needn't respond in kind to every single one. Mean-spirited, fatuous letters defeat themselves. And for god's sake, don't leave mistakes unedited with "[sic]" (sic) next to them! Don't you realise how pathetic that makes you look? Nobody respects a puerile editor.

Fourthly, the socialists vs. apathy debate needs a new dimension. Socialists may be inchoate, but so are the comments against them. Resistance, the Socialist Alliance, Labor Left, etc. are all different groups with different agendas, none of which I have seen fairly represented, examined, or discussed by their critics. People tend to focus on their hair and their t-shirts. I don't think a really informed person would be a member of any of these groups, nor, for that matter, their conservative counterparts. But when Liam the Apath claims he is not uninformed, since he knows what socialists are saying but doesn't care, he is wrong. Liam: if you know what they're saying you are as un-(or mis-)informed as they are, your apathy being merely an added defect on top of your ignorance. Work on the latter and I imagine the former will take care of itself.

Cheerio,
Alex Douglas

More Comments About Socialists

Hey Liam, love your shirt baby.

I understand you aren't excited by socialists. Its terribly fashionable at the moment, if there is one group people can vent their frustration at without expecting the listener to speak up in their favour, the socialists are it. I understand that peer pressure can be a difficult thing to deal with at times and that you have to 'dis' them just to keep up with the crowd. Hell, even I don't get all hot and bothered about the socialists and I'm pretty easy to please.

But I just get this feeling that you haven't thought though the implications of your arguments, which concerns me, since since (sic) it is obvious that you are someone that knows a lot about how the world works.

One question that that springs to mind from your letter is what do you want the socialists to do instead of flailing their bodies at you, as you hurry to your lecture? If they stop, how can they continue to operate? Are you denying the right of people to talk to strangers in a public space? Ahh no I think I am using the wrong terminology. What I meant to say is, are you denying the right of a business (which obviously you agree the socialists are) to continue its operations and to 'flog its wares' to a free market which in this case is university denizens? While I personally do not choose to consume their product I do wish for there to be an active free market of ideas for me to engage with, as an informed consumer.

Also your delightfully informed opinion that "This is the way the world is, nothing can change that!" rings the old alarm bells. There is no doubt my friend that its a powerful argument (sic) against those silly socialists but I warn against the use of it because in the past its definately (sic) been a statement looked back upon with a great deal of embarrassment (sic). It is the same argument (sic) that older balding white men used when questioned as to why women should not be able to vote or own property. And when those pesky slaves complained that their shackles were too tight, the slave-owners could often be heard to say, "This is the way the world is, nothing can change that!" But woe! Look at things now, things that people believed were inevitable have fallen by the wayside. In fact your argument is just like those of the excitable communists that thought the fall of capitalism was inevitable! Oh what bitter irony!

More Love Letters



Your final, if well-intentioned, folly was suggesting to the poor socialists that by simply existing within the market system that they were legitimising it. Again, I worry that this argument (sic) contains some 'difficult' logical linkages that others may find hard to pull out of your obviously brilliant (sic) and rational conclusion. Again, what are the socialists to do if they disagree with the economic system they exist within? Move into the wilderness and go 'commando'? Cease to function within the system altogether? While I imagine the last option would reduce the amount of socialists (after we cleaned up their famine ravaged rotting bodies from the storm water drains) I somehow suspect socialists won't be so excited by the idea. I guess in the end, you have to be able to criticise (sic) the system that you are currently stuck in.

The moral of this story is that everything that everybody says has a element of truth to it because we collectively create truth. Fuck, I just got Jim Georced!

Well I guess all is well that ends well and since this letter has a terrible ending all is decidedly fucked up. Oops, I swore, here come the PC police.

Love and cuddles, Thomas Gabriel McNabb Watson

Raver Gets Angry

Dear Woroni or more importantly Mr Vening

Dear God Jesus Titty Fucking Christ, you get my Live Journal style WT fucking F award of the month. Before I start destroying your rather fucked if not completely uninformative article about "raver society" I need to ask one question: did your research for this article only consist of watching 'a perfect day'? If so may i suggest i drag your sorry ass down to Undera in November for this years Earthcore Carnival and smash you over the head Richie Hawtin style with decks, effects and a 909!

May i suggest you take a road trip and the meet a king and queen of our 'raver society' i'm sure you could find them at Pharmacy or Hard Kandy down in Melbourne instructing their primitive subjects on how not to cross to the dark side (no don't listen to slinky minx, don't i tell you!). No sub culture can exist seperately (sic) from popular culture. Pop Culture is always going to take parts of one sub culture and parts of another to continue its ever changing downward spiral to the depths of hell.

To smash your conclusions the fact that over 15000 people turned up to last years Earthcore festival in Victoria and over 20000 are expected this year says not only a lot about the strength of the rave scene in Australia but of the fact that electronic music and the Ravers/Clubbers/general lunatics that follow it, in some cases religiously can no longer be seperated (sic) from what is Popular Culture. There is never one perspective (sic) to look at culture and to try is only going to draw narrow ethnocentric if not false conclusions which is exactly what Harry's article has done. While i commend you on trying to write objectively on the influence of raveculture on popular culture your lack of research shows.

What i do wonder is how you came to the conclusion that the influence of rave culture can only be seen from one perspective or traveling in one dirrection? (sic) I can't for the life of me find a philosophical deductive logical reason how this could be so. If a piece of a culture is passed on from to another culture shouldn't there be two equally valid points of view, one from each culture that would allow both cultures to see what was taken/given and how it has effected both cultures? I mean if you take something from a person or they give it away they are bound to notice what is gone at some point.

(dj) Dale B

p.s. Harry did you by (sic) any%2

Lover, You Should Have Come Over

To the Woroni crew

I was dismayed to find no mention of Jeff Buckley in your most recent issue of Woroni (No.5) when the theme had been successfully running for the two previous issues before that. Perhaps you do not understand how I cried when my search for Jeff was so fruitless this issue.

Please see to it that this is fixed immediately and normal broadcasting is resumed as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,
Beautiful Loser

[Lucy: The picture to the right is just for you.]

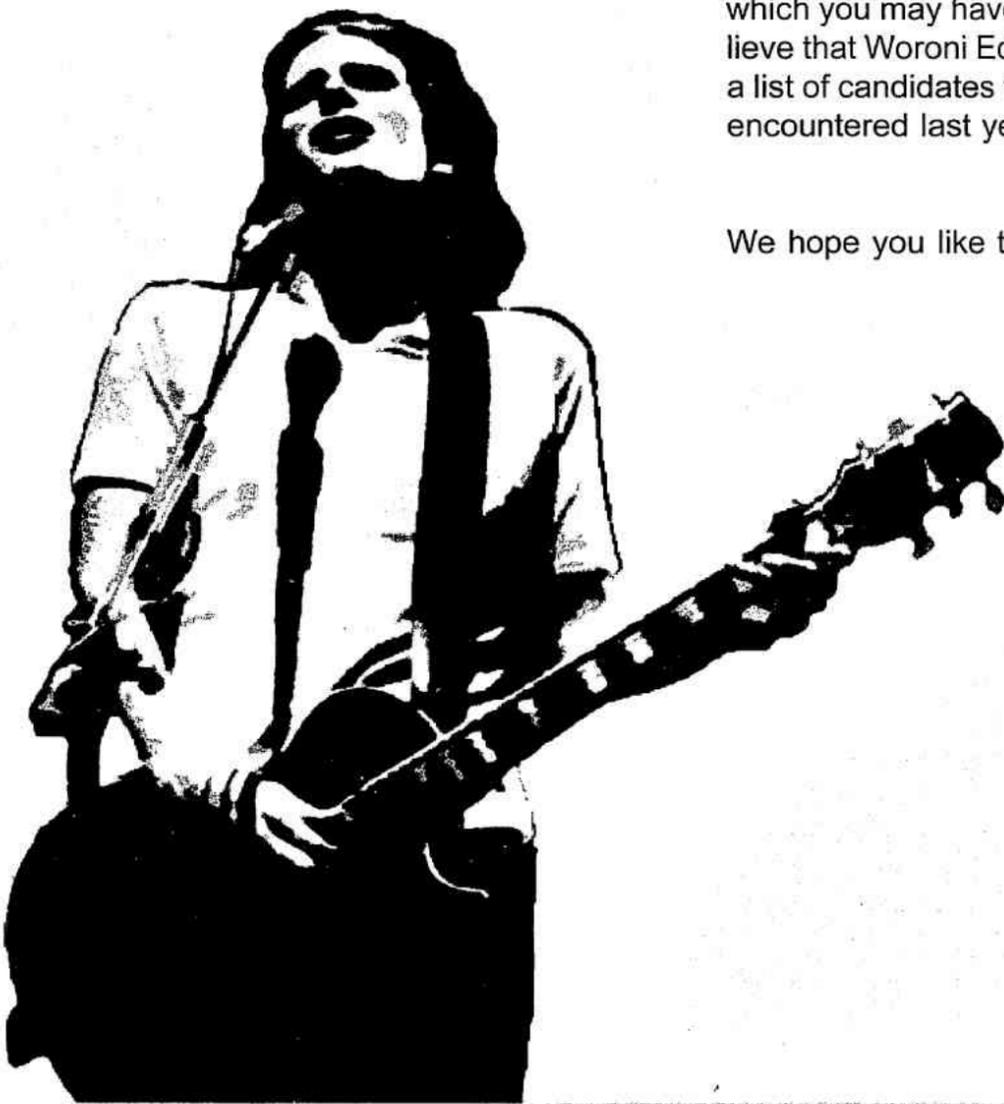
Editorial

Politics plays a large part in everyday life and communication. It's operating, even when you don't want it to be. If you try to escape it, it will be there, lurking in the shadows like some creepy motherfucker in a trench-coat with a huge fuck-off knife. That isn't to say that politics is a bad thing. It can help you get on and up, if that's your style. Watching the politics of most situations can be really fascinating. It's just that if you get too close it can burn you. And more often than not, it only comes as a third degree burn; blistering, painful and disfiguring.

We wanted to do a politics issue to explore the different aspects of such an all-consuming topic. We also thought it would be good to get people thinking about the importance of the subject during the student elections. But a month ago, when we printed a reminder (consistent with what we'd said at the final ANUSA OGM in 2004) that we wouldn't be printing candidate statements in 2005, we'd obviously forgotten just how touchy everyone is at this time of the year. So the statements are back in a different form, which you may have picked up alongside this issue of Woroni. We still believe that Woroni Editors in the long-term should not be relied upon to print a list of candidates for various reasons, primarily concerning the problems encountered last year, and also our inability penetrate the AEC's privacy policy to ensure that our list is correct and complete.

We hope you like the issue, and the colour we've picked for it (after all, politics can get muddy).

Love with chocolate-smearred smooches,
Lucy and Chloe.

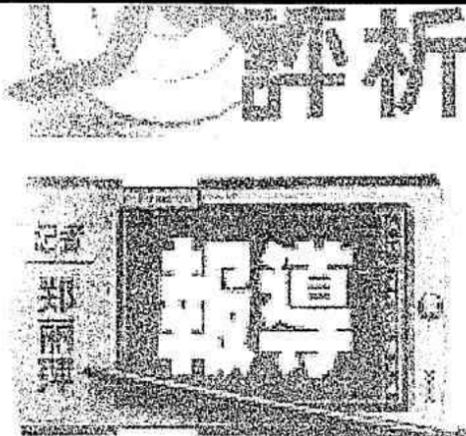


Issue Seven: Call for Contributions

Theme: Faith

Articles and images must be received by 29th August (Monday week seven). Come talk to us about how fucked your teeth are from grinding at night, or just email us your angst at woroni@anu.edu.au

News



taylp@orientaldaily.com.my

Myth Busted!

By Simone Gubler

Australians paid over \$329 million this year for dietary supplements which they hoped would provide them with protection against the onslaught of winter and its evil minion, the common cold. One of the most popular supplements purchased was Vitamin C. But new research from the ANU suggests that Vitamin C isn't all it's talked up to be. In fact, for most people it's an almost completely ineffective weapon in the cold war. The ANU's Professor Bob Douglas performed the research in collaboration with a Finnish colleague. Douglas has said that after examining 55 studies of the effect of Vitamin C on colds, he did not consider the "degree of reduction in cold symptoms enough to justify regular use of vitamin C as a preventive agent." And Vitamin C isn't as benign as it seems, so users beware! In large doses it can cause painful crystals to form in consumers' kidneys.

New friends for the ANU

By Simone Gubler

They came from across five continents, to sign a memorandum designed to bind a group of the world's best universities together in allegiance. Chancellors of the Australian National University (ANU), ETH Zurich, National University of Singapore, Peking University (PKU), University of California, Berkeley, University of Copenhagen, The University of Tokyo and Yale University have agreed to join forces in the cause of global learning. The allegiance will bring students and staff at the universities new opportunities to take part in exchange programs, research collaboration, double degree programs (for which a student can study at two universities) and training programs. Further to this the universities plan to exchange ideas concerning best practice and protocols and benchmarking.

The ANU's Vice Chancellor Chubb has been appointed as Chairman of the partnership and will hold office until 2006. Speaking on behalf of the partnership, Chubb emphasized that it would allow "meaningful engagement to occur", "be influential" and that it would open up new "teaching and research possibilities" at the institutions involved.

SA to Create Indigenous and Disabilities Officers

By Tom Lin

The ANUSA has created two new positions to represent the needs of disabled students and Indigenous students. SA President Aparna Rao proposed the changes at a meeting of the SA on the 26th of May and, following discussion, the motion was subsequently carried. Only students who are recognised by the university as disabled will be eligible to stand or vote for the position of Disabilities Officer and

口的低竞争环境。同时，该公司专注的研究与发展业务提高其竞争优势及研发新品种的能力，同时维持产品的高品质。

龍魚賺幅較高

艾華斯證券指出，飼養金龍魚的成本高，並且需要向國際龍魚品種貿易大會(CITES)注

場需求的增加，150個池塘增加產過程耗時，所以增加10%至15%之

目前，該公司金龍魚至美國的話，其將擁有

will be required to present their DSU card when voting. Similarly, any student wishing to run or vote for the position of Indigenous officer will need to be recognised under the Jabal Centre's criteria. Both officers will be granted a modest budget – this year drawn from the Clubs and Societies budget.

Aparna Rao has stated that the probability of VSU should not deter the SA from seeking to represent groups on campus and that these positions have been "in the works" for a while. Despite the value of having an elected officer representing disabled and indigenous students, there are concerns that, with growing levels of 'specific representation' through specialised departments, the 14 General representatives are becoming redundant. When VSU, in whatever shape or form it takes, comes into force, the SA may need to reduce over-representation in order to effectively work with its fewer resources.

Controversial Lecturer Locked Out from Classes

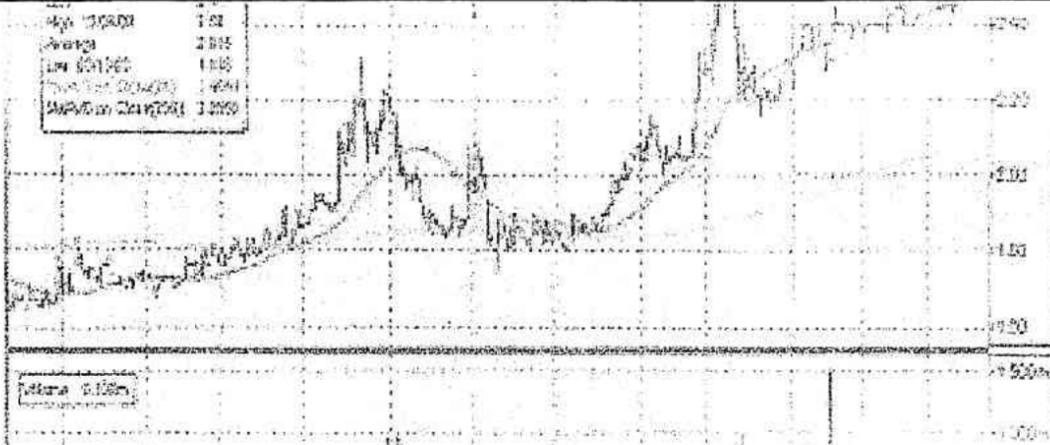
By doraemon

Macquarie University locked out Law lecturer Andrew Fraser on August 1 after concerns surfaced that protesters would disrupt his class. This comes on the heels of his controversial comments regarding the immigration of Africans and Asians, where he asserted the former were a crime risk due to their low IQs and the latter threaten the social, political, and economic livelihoods of "ordinary" Australians. Macquarie University Vice-Chancellor Di Yerbury has called the comments "repugnant" and suspended Professor Fraser's classes, citing concerns for his safety and the safety of students on campus.

Support for Professor Fraser has been mixed. The National Tertiary Education Union reversed its original position and spoke in his support, while Macquarie Student Council Chairman Victor Ma said he supported the decision to suspend Professor Fraser from the classroom. "Having an academic like that giving out these racist comments is very disturbing for us," Victor Ma said. "[It is] totally inappropriate, totally disgusting ... I am very disappointed that an academic on campus, someone who is well educated ... can be so racist."

Professor Fraser has said he does not regret publicly voicing his beliefs on immigration. "It's a subject that nobody else wants to talk about and somebody's got to do it, so it might as well be me," he said. "I don't particularly find any of my views on these matters offensive. I am just trying to state publicly what psychologists, criminologists and historians and so on know have known for a long time." While Professor Fraser still has full use of his office on campus, other lecturers will probably take over his classes.

News



公司另增设
生产量料只
正寻求出口
准,以进军
且获得批准
大的成长空

Re-Joyce as Nationals oppose VSU Bill By Tom Lin

The Federal Coalition's poor cousins may be the last hope for students wishing to offset the effects of Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) before it is introduced in the Senate when Parliament resumes on the 9th of August. While the passage of a VSU bill through the Government controlled Senate appears a fait accompli, the vote of a newly elected Queensland Senator may spoil the legislative program of the Liberals.

Barnaby Joyce, the National's Senator from Queensland, has expressed his desire to "inject sanity" into the VSU debate, believing that the current bill is primarily motivated by Liberal party ideology and will ultimately be to the detriment of university services and students.

Speaking to The Australian early in August, Senator Joyce agreed that student funds should not be directed towards "militant student unionism" but should provide services and sporting facilities for the broader university community. His views reflect the concerns of his National Party colleagues at the State level. During the National's weekend State conference the delegates join their counterparts in New South Wales and Victoria in calling for a watered down version of the bill, which was introduced in the House of Representatives in March this year. Victorian universities all ready operate under a VSU system, the legislation there allowing for the funding of services and facilities but not student clubs.

Senator Joyce commented that "students who did not want to pay fees for services should buy the book, go home and read it ... don't say: 'I want everybody to acknowledge the institution I've been to but I only want to pay for half of it'." It remains to be seen, however, if Senator Joyce carries out his threat to cross the floor of the Senate. For the cynical it may be comforting to know that there is no Coalition in Queensland between the Liberals and the Nationals.

Explosion at the RSC By Elizabeth Ferrari

A chemical fire that occurred on Friday the 5th of August has caused approximately one million dollars worth of damage to the Research School of Chemistry at the ANU. The fire allegedly broke out after an explosion on the third (top) floor of the building at 1.50pm. Students were told "this is not a drill" as they evacuated buildings around ANU campus. Car access to Daley Road ANU was temporarily cut off and the precautionary measure of disconnecting the power around some buildings on campus was also exercised. The emergency services closed off the areas and staff and students were warned it would be "prudent....to

stay out of the smoke" due to the unknown nature of the toxic chemicals involved.

Despite the fire and water damage to the building, there were no resulting injuries from the incident. Students and staff have been notified that the building will be closed until Monday the 8th of August so that the area will be completely cleaned up. The ANU has stated that they will work with the ACT fire and the ACT police services to investigate and determine the cause of the fire.

Full Fee Degrees on the rise but not at the ANU By George Cauldron

The number of full fee degrees that cost over \$100,000 will rise next year to over 60, which is an increase of twenty-five per cent on this year's numbers. ANU is one of two Australian universities that does not offer full free degrees. The 2006 Good Universities Guide has revealed that of the 60 full fee paying courses offered next year, the most expensive is a combined Medicine/Law degree at Melbourne's Monash University costing over \$250,000.

UNSW and University of Melbourne offer 18 full fee courses each. This equals sixty per cent of Australian full fee courses. The increase in high cost degrees contradicts Prime Minister Howard's 1999 statement that under his government there would be no \$100,000 degrees. The Federal government has also increased the quota of fee paying students to a maximum of thirty-five per cent of enrolments and introduced a deferred loan scheme called 'Fee-Help', allowing students to loan up to \$50,000.

The ANU's own Professor Bruce Chapman has stated that presently, domestic fee paying students comprise around two per cent of Australia's undergraduate enrolments but this figure is expected to rise to around ten per cent by 2008.

Australia's most expensive share house? By Simone Gubler

On the 20th of July, John Stanhope, Chief Minister of the ACT, and Professor Ian Chubb poked shovels at some dirt to celebrate the beginning of construction on a new student accommodation facility. The estimated cost of the facility is \$50 million. Built on the grounds of a former City West carpark, the new complex will be within cooe of both the ANU and Civic. 515 students will be housed in apartments of varying size, designed to meet the needs of singles, couples and groups. According to Vice Chancellor Chubb the development will: "ensure that a better range of accommodation options are available to both undergraduate and postgraduate students."

Careless Whispers

Careless Whispers is a male-to-female George Michael look-a-like transsexual academic who is hoping to slay them on StarStruck. She knows everything (including what you did last Christmas) and is Woroni's 2005 tabloid columnist.



Golden Bloated Calves and Sacrilegious Idols.

And we're off! After our brutal BB rejection, we were fortunate to fare better with our stunning audition for Australian Idol. We blitzed it into the final round by singing The Greenkeeper's 'It Rubs the Lotion on its Skin' with some tight old-school choreography, well placed Boho chiffon (soooo this season, so transsexual- killer), a slither of Patti Newton's skin (she sheds it like a snake anyway) and our penii tucked between our hairless Cher-Workout sculptured legs. Scared onlookers suggested that our final theatrical flourish might have lost it for us though. Inspired by The Silence of the Lambs, we threw a handful of warm yoghurt at Marcia's faces while shrieking "I can smell your cunt!" Oh well, at least we stayed true to ourselves, and can now watch every minute of the season without distraction.

Sadly, hottie Dicko has fled the pen this season - bloating himself on cheap sorbet and poorly cooked pork belly on My Café parading as a Restaurant Rules. But replacing him is another bloatee Klye Sandlands, an outspoken porcine blood-nutted celeb disc jockey. The early advertising did give us hope, with his homosocial jostling with bitch-titted Andrew G and his Jim Henson inspired side kick, but Radio doesn't always translate well into TV - does it Adam Spencer?

Now, we love a bit of venom. Hell, we even have everything Bernard King ever did on a multi media video installation loop in our Liza Minelli Memorial Cellar right next to our prized vintage collection of Olsen-Twin blood-soaked-pan-ties. But venom without reason is not our thing. If you're going to be vile, make a point-don't-cheapen the medium. We suspect the pressure to be an out-and-out bitch will be too much for The Kyle, and his derivative Dicko drag routine will be a little dull. We would have preferred to see some tried and true Aussie talent taking up that crucial centre-wing Idol position. Maybe Martin Bryant? Or Morag off The Weakest Link. But instead we're left with the high-pitched twang of little Miss Mutton; Kyle.

Virgin Cocktail

Recently tears of loveless joy sprung to Careless Whispers' creaseless eyes when we learnt of Tom Cruise's truly selfless gesture - offering today's bevy of role-starved

actresses a hefty hunk of meat; the female lead in his own personal biopic. As part of an intercontinental Apprentice-style search, The Tom auditioned several young femmes for the plum supporting role as half of TomKat - the celeb item that specialises in "spontaneous" displays of public affection, garish romantic gestures, and expertly explaining away an utter lack of chemistry. 'Cause remember, it's their 'choice' to be celibate.

Oh the commitment to craft! Katie, you little Stepford Wife. We don't love you because we believe you. When did we start expecting actors to be truthful? These people are paid to lie. No, we admire your new spin on method acting - in some circles its called "delusional disorder". But, Thank L Ron, in TomKat there's no such thing as mental illness! Only big production budgets. Whatever works.

Backyard Celebrity Britz

Canberran celebrities are hard to come by, much like hen's teeth and self-respect. So how can your average neighbour get their 15 minutes of shame? Well, CW inhaled sharply when we saw a lovely lass with www.goldenpalace.com tattooed in thick black two-inch letters across her white-trash forehead. There was a lady who knew about niche markets and celebrity branding! There was a lady we would fertilize any day of the week. We'd found our Debbie King.

TTSM (Trailer Trash Single Mother) did the deed - made herself a human billboard for a Casino - for \$10 000 US. Purportedly it was so that she could pay for her fetus' education. Apparently being forced to strip for a living just isn't degrading enough for welfare recipients anymore. People criticised our little egg-carrier for selling her humanity to become a walking advertisement for a multi-million dollar corporation. Well, we say, you better burn that FCUK shirt bitch before you can get all ghetto on our sister honey-child!

Now, of course, there's that niggling little discrepancy pertaining to permanency (tattoos versus t-shirts). But wouldn't the life-long humiliation be worth it for just a nubbin of recognition and all the Woman's Day interviews you can shove into a laundry bag?

Politics and the Green Movement

By Emily Byrne

"There are few issues as intrinsically political as what to do about environmental resources. The contention is over striking a balance between the needs of ecosystems and everyone with a stake in the issue – which, really, is pretty much everyone."

I have a confession to make: I'm one of those people who thinks there's few things less interesting than Australian politics. Beyond feeling mildly guilty about not keeping up to date with which minister has which portfolio now, and getting depressed at just how screwed up the country is likely to get with a Liberal double majority, for the most part I don't pay the political sphere much attention. It worries me lots that I'm not alone in feeling like this, and I like to take some comfort in the fact that there are some groups out there fighting the good fight, keeping some of those political bastards honest about the issues I care about. One of those issues is environmentalism.

For a supposedly bipartisan priority, the issue of 'the environment' is often an important point of contention in any political campaign. And that's as it should be, since there are few issues as intrinsically political as what to do about environmental resources. The question of where to strike a balance between the needs of ecosystems and the needs of the people who use them, and everyone else with a stake in the issue – which, really, is pretty much everyone – is a big and difficult question. Anyone who tries to suggest there's a simple answer that will please everyone is at best hopelessly deluded, and at worst, lying to conceal another agenda.

It's important, therefore, to be very wary of attempts to depoliticise environmental issues. Green groups have it pretty tough, since to win the public's hearts, minds and wallets they have to strike a tricky balance. On one hand if they are perceived as overly political they will become uninteresting to the general public, but on the other hand, they still need to be able to advocate serious change to the status quo or they'll be seen as nothing more than sell-outs, and not supported either. Despite the need for this balance, politics and political lobbying is the lifeblood of nearly all environmental groups. This is not to say that every environmental group wants to go out and chain itself to trees, but that environmental issues are often best addressed by public awareness. And 'awareness raising' is intrinsically a process that is political – if the public changes its behaviour, some people will be adversely affected. If we stop buying



Australian beef because of ridiculously unsustainable agricultural practices in central Australia, the meat industry suffers. If we buy smaller cars, 4WD makers lose out. This is why any attempt to 'depoliticise' environmental groups is just emasculation by stealth, and reflects an agenda that is profoundly anti-environmental.

In April this year, the federal government decided to change the Grants for Voluntary Environment and Heritage Organisations program, which has operated for over 30 years and been a major source of many green groups' income. As well as capping grants, there are new restrictions on funding and tax deductibility, for groups that engage in any kind of political activity. The changes to the grants program are an attempt to stifle the power of green groups, and redefine environmentalism to mean anything that doesn't threaten the Australian people's way of life, powerful lobby groups or the all-important economic bottom line. A more subtle but equally devastating change is the decision to prioritise funding to groups that have a 'practical impact' on environmental problems. Tree planting is held to be far more important than attempts to inform the public about bigger picture environmental issues.

The obvious counter-argument to all this is to ask the question; 'why should the public purse pay for lobby groups, when the public as a whole may not agree with their views?' One answer to this is to note that the government itself relies on green groups to endorse its environmental legislation. If it wishes to keep appealing to the large voter base who consider the environment to be an important consideration through these groups' ratification of policy, it is dishonest to simultaneously cripple any possibility of their disagreement. Further, I hope there are many people who consider the environment to be a critically important issue. Including as many perspectives as possible is thus of the highest importance. Otherwise the interests of the politically more active business lobby groups and econocrats aren't even balanced by an opposing viewpoint. And even for a relatively apathetic person such as me, that's a big problem.

Wailing about Whaling

Stephen Phillips argues it is hypocritical and ethnocentric that Australia presents (as a self-evident 'fact') that whaling, and by extension, Japan, is barbaric.

"Imagine you're a little doe-eyed deer. You're prancin' along, you get thirsty, you spot a little brook; you put your little deer lips to the cool clear water ...bam! A fuckin' bullet rips off part of your head, your brains are lyin' on the ground in little bloody pieces... now I ask ya... would you give a fuck what kind of pants the son of a bitch who shot you was wearin'?"

-Marisa Tomei as 'Mona Lisa Vito'
My Cousin Vinny 1992

Ms Tomei's (Oscar-winning) lines are particularly pertinent in light of the current debate surrounding whaling, and the fierce criticism levelled at Japan for their continued harvesting of the mammals. Perhaps the modern Aussie whale corollary is something like:

"Imagine you're Migaloo the white whale, lolling in krill-infested seas, waving a friendly flipper at the channel nine chopper as it fills its allocated thirty second 'heart-warming stuff' slot with ratings-winning cetacean gambolling, when suddenly... kerthump! A Nippon Industries titanium-shafted, explosive-tipped harpoon plunges into your carotid artery, sending a geyser of ruby-red, hyper-oxygenated blood lancing into the clear sky..... now I ask you... does it matter whether it's 'scientific whaling' or a no-holds-barred commercial operation?"

Federal environment minister Ian Campbell is also obviously a fan of Marisa Tomei, although he clearly needs to inject a bit more hyperbole into his press conference utterances, lest they be deemed a trifle tedious. After returning from a trip to Pacific nations to drum up support for the anti-whaling position, prior to the recent 57th International Whaling Commission annual meeting, he explained to us that:

"Whales are large intelligent creatures, they're beautiful creatures, they have the right to swim free and live free,

and not have to suffer the consequences of a grenade being shot into them and blown up. That's the humane position that the Australian Government takes, the position that most countries in the world take, most people in the world take. Some disagree with us, and we think they're wrong. Our mission is to try to end whaling for all time. It's going to take a long fight and a hard fight and we're in for the long haul."

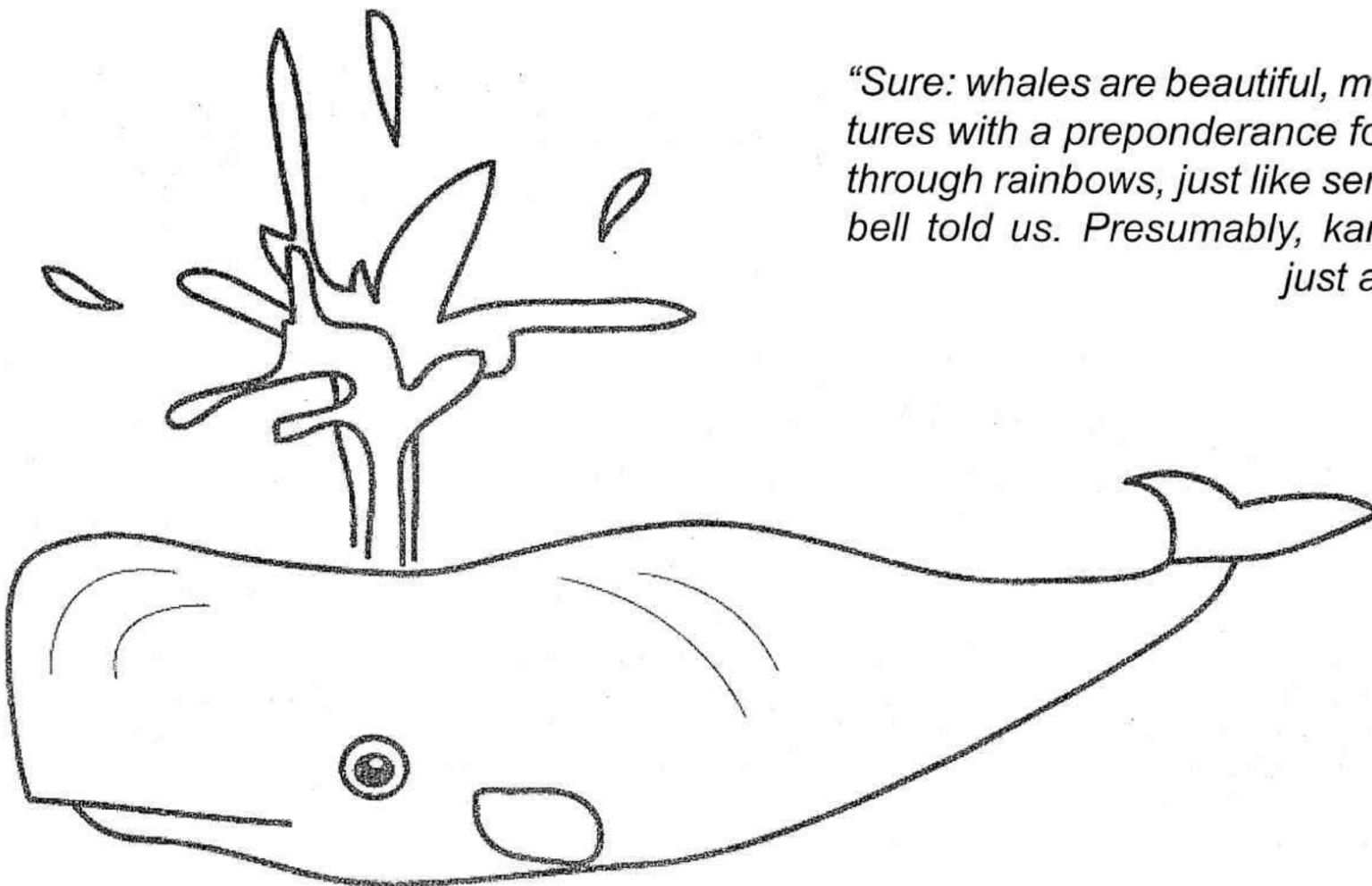
He was, however, gracious enough to forgive the Japanese their folly, saying on the 9th of June:

"...the Prime Minister's made it clear in his letter to Mr Koizumi that the way Australians think about Japan is something that we regard as important. We have an incredibly strong relationship with Japan and we don't want that to be jeopardised by this silliness on their behalf."

"Silliness" indeed. Here's a tip: When your chance for reincarnation comes around, it is advisable to be a minke whale rather than an asylum-seeker in this country, because it grants you the benefits of this government's 'humane position.' The 'queue-jumpers' don't endure grenades shot into them or being blown up (that's what they're generally seeking to escape from in their own countries), just endless torment behind razor wire. Then again, the whales don't actually seek admission to the country or welfare payments, being content to just cruise past the coast. If a minke showed its fish-guzzling face in Centrelink, it might find itself wallowing in a fenced, muddy, outback pond faster than it could spout "betrayal" indignantly through its blowhole.

Facetious harpoons aside, the hypocrisy and self-righteousness with which Australia addresses Japan and the whaling issue is cringe-worthy. Migaloo and his mates may as well be Schapelle Corby, and Japan another Indonesia, such is our xenophobia-tinged arrogance. It is noteworthy that Norway barely gets a mention, although they like

"Sure: whales are beautiful, majestic creatures with a preponderance for swimming through rainbows, just like senator Campbell told us. Presumably, kangaroos are just as loveable."



pound of whale flesh just as much as the ruthless yellow murderers to our north. I suppose the captain of the Tampa was Norwegian, which is difficult to reconcile with them being heartless. Or could it just be that it's harder to demonise Caucasians, so we'll stick with Japan as enemy number one when it comes to the crime of whale-massacre?

And what of the hypocrisy? Sure: whales are beautiful, majestic creatures with a preponderance for swimming through rainbows, just like senator Campbell told us. Presumably, kangaroos are just as loveable. Have a look at the Japanese tourists, (including Mr Koizumi on his most recent trip) who cuddle native fauna when they visit - we are keen to promote such furry delights for the tourism dollar. We also happen to slaughter millions of kangaroos each year. There is a concerted, particularly emotive British campaign against the butchering of Skippy and his brethren too. Just ask every large British supermarket chain how effective it has been; they have removed the product from their shelves. See <http://www.savethekangaroo.com/background/killing4kicks.shtml> for some sickening stuff. Killing kangaroos, as well as whales, is a horribly violent business it would seem.

A lot of rural Australians might find the 'save the 'roo' campaign ridiculous, knowing that kangaroos, at times, exist in plague proportions. That being the case, if a sustainable whaling industry is possible, why shouldn't the Japanese harvest them? If whale meat has a place in the culture of Japanese cuisine, and certain species can be harvested on a viable basis, what gives us the authority to tell them they are wrong? It isn't good enough to tell them not to kill whales because minke whales are nice and humpbacks are mischievous and we like watching them frolic. Depending on your view, religion, and/or tendency to humanise animals, any number of creatures might be deemed untouchable. What would an Indian Hindu think of our supermarket shelves, groaning with slabs of raw cow-flesh? To make such emotive arguments, while we ourselves indulge in

merry macropod massacre, is hypocritical and ethnocentric. You can't have it both ways. If koalas were numerous and had, say, a scrumptious gallbladder worth top dollar overseas, we'd be shooting them out of trees too, and setting up an export market faster than you could say 'economically viable'. Hark back to "our" Danish princess and her man scampering around Government House in Canberra in order to be photographed with wild kangaroos. What a beautiful scene! Actually, it's called multi-tasking. We use them to A) attract tourists/foster national identity, and B) give us meat and leather for export and a good laugh on the farm with the bolt action rifle. We reserve the right to do this - it's called sovereignty, mate.

The point here is that it's laughable to make an arbitrary declaration about the killing of whales based on our values. We, the anti-whaling nations kill lots of creatures. Many countries kill things for sport, which ranks as truly loathsome in comparison to killing for food. The Americans, strident defenders of whales, are some of the worst offenders when it comes to the wholesale slaughter of wildlife for sport. (For pity's sake, don't be reincarnated as a partridge in the United States).

Unless you are pushing for the cessation of killing all animals, it's hard to see any validity in senator Campbell's "whales are large and beautiful" position. Japan maintains that minke whales are the 'cockroach' of the seas. Such an assertion may well be as dubious as the Japanese euphemism of 'scientific' whaling. That is, the true numbers of these whales remains a contentious point. However, this question of sustainability remains the only issue that an anti-whaling country can legitimately fall back on to argue for whale-conservation. There is no place for emotion, for it is simply hypocritical.

Sorry Migaloo - I'm afraid being white is actually a hindrance this time.

Our Virtues

By Peter Jones

"Nevermind that our markets aren't and never have been 'free' and that our 'success' is built upon state protection and government intervention. And nevermind that colonial exploitation supplied the raw materials needed to bring about our wealth"

The health of Western Civilization demands the power to forget: as the lifeblood of all that is good and noble, we should not let our will to knowledge over-reach itself. Does not the economic imperative demand that we not only optimise material production, but also that of knowledge and history?

Our Entrepreneurialism

We good Westerners are progressively exporting our innovative, hard-working, self-reliant nature to those less privileged (moreover, this is no zero-sum game: giving one's virtue to others increases one's own). The rest of the world is increasingly learning that it is our un-protected, un-subsidized markets that have taught us such lessons and made us so strong. With a little encouragement from generous, multinational private and institutional donors and lenders, much of the third world is following our path to economic prosperity and stability. We should not let our understandable pity weaken our resolve to weed out those governments, policies, people, even cultural tendencies, that would stand in the way of the good of the many.

Nevermind that our markets aren't and never have been 'free' and that our 'success' is built upon state protection and government intervention. And nevermind that colonial exploitation supplied the raw materials needed to bring about our wealth (isn't the colonialist also an entrepreneur: seeing an opportunity and ruthlessly exploiting it?). We have the commercial nous, the good grace and the good taste not to harp upon the past mistakes of other generations. Mightn't the test of the good, strong man be how many "truths" or "origins" he could suppress that were contradictory to his will? Mightn't the good, strong man be he who is capable of making his own truth, of fashioning his own origins?

Our Democracy

Our exporting of history opens up another crucial export market: democracy. We, who are lucky and virtuous enough to have robust democratic systems of government with the right amount of representation for all, rightly feel a responsibility to share this system with the others. In Afghanistan and Iraq we have tried to help oppressed peoples throw off tyrannical ruling regimes. The only problem is, they haven't always been responsible or grateful enough to take up the opportunities we have given them. Despite the orderly influence of our troops, they have at



times failed to learn the basic parental lesson of co-operation, and instead fight like children between themselves. But this talk does us no credit: we good Westerners should be able to overlook the shortcomings of others. Even if it is hard to teach these people how to behave, our strength and generosity demand that we keep trying.

Nevermind that the conditions for regimes like the Taliban and Saddam to come to power were created by a history of colonization and exploitation, or that quite recently we supported them. After all, we always had the greater good in mind. One moment helping those pious Afghans fight the scourge of communism, the other supporting that shrewd secularist to fight the scourge of fundamentalism. But then the masterstroke: turn on both, one after the other, and free the people! What subtlety of moral calculus! A gift of amnesia for those poor, oppressed (but at times a little troublesome) people of the Middle East. Who could question our right to a few barrels of oil and an opportunity to practice our skills of reconstruction at a reasonable price?

Our Children

As we have discussed, we do not enjoy being critical of those not blessed with our virtue – our tolerance and good grace demand that we forgive others for their flaws – but sometimes, some of them go too far. Sometimes you have to say, enough's enough: foreign governments that refuse to stop drugs suppliers (or who only pretend to), even with our incentives and help for them to do so, have to be brought to account. And if that means invading countries like Panama, ruled by ruthless dictators like Noriega – well, the loss of life is unfortunate. It's not our fault these people can't operate their state in a civilized way – and after all the careful training we give their leaders!

Our Conclusions

And our responsibility for the injustices of colonialism? Well, some of us have found the strength to collectively apologize on behalf of our fore fathers: what more complete expression of magnanimity than to take responsibility for what one hasn't done (and continue to reap the rewards)?

We, the good Westerners, do not often sing our own praises. We, who have achieved prosperity and power, are often unable to express our inherent virtue through our humility.

The Politics of Eurovision

By Jenny Bowles

Eurovision - the night when Europe puts on its sequined cowboy hat, and says "Wadde Hadde Dudde Aa" to the rest of the world. Some people see it as the intellectual equivalent of petrol-sniffing. They don't admire the back-up dancers from Denmark who march in formation while playing the bagpipes. They scoff at lyrics like these:

Croatia: "Silence chains darkness like an anchor."

Cyprus: "My persistence is outrageous / You'll be mine 'cause I'm contagious."

Slovenia: "Tie my hands so I can drown / In lies I bleed to death in your lap."

People who think like this are wrong. The spangles have not fallen from their eyes. Eurovision is not a mere song contest. It's world politics, writ small and in a garish font. Think about this - the people who are voting on the EU constitution are the same people who voted Moldova into sixth place (with the entry 'Grandmamma Beats the Drum-a'). So put on your Euro-flippers (either fluorescent pink or gold will do), and come swim in Eurovision's political undercurrents.

1) Eurovision and the Middle East

Israel isn't part of Europe, but it is part of the Eurovision broadcasting network. It has been in the contest since 1973. You don't need to be Terry Wogan to see the influence anti-Israeli sentiment has had on Eurovision. Here are some particularly notorious Euro-incidents:

1978: Israel wins the contest with 'A-Ba-Ni-Bi'. As the voting nears an end, and the result becomes a foregone conclusion, the live broadcast to Jordan is, inexplicably, cut. The next day, the Jordanian media announces that Belgium won (with the poignant ballad 'Love, It Makes Life Sing').

1998: Israel wins with 'Diva', by transsexual Dana International. In a Eurovision first, six Mossad agents discover a security threat and crash-tackle Dana to the ground.

2005: Lebanon is barred from Eurovision after organisers learn of a plan to schedule an ad break during the Israeli entry.

People who associate Israel with tanks and helicopter gunships are often surprised by the determined Care Bear-like cheerfulness in most Israeli entries. I've always regarded it as a strategic masterstroke - nobody thinks about tanks when their television is beaming out songs like this:

1999: 'Happy Birthday'

2000: 'All Happy' (featuring the line "I want, I want a cucumber")

2002: 'Light a Candle'

2004: 'I Believe' ("I do believe, I do believe that/ Maybe one day we can find the way / I do believe that love will rise / And shine again before our eyes")

2) Eurovision and the Gulf War (Mark II)

There is some doubt about the Iraq Effect in the Eurovision Song Contest. You'll all remember the excitement of 2003, when everyone discovered how much they disliked Tony Blair. Well - this was also the year in which the UK scored its first "nul points." It was a spectacular slide from the fourth place they managed in 2002. They haven't recovered, either. In 2005, they ranked third last.

There may well be other factors at play here. The UK entry, Jemini's 'Cry Baby', is regarded as one of Eurovision's worst. I found this on a Eurovision message board:

Oh my God no points how could Jemini let us down so badly they sang completely out of tune and sounded dreadful next year can we have someone who can sing and isn't tone deaf please!!!!!!

Clearly, someone agreed with 'Kerri's' impassioned plea. After the show, Jemini's dressing room was vandalised in an incident the BBC described as a "targeted attack."

3) Eurovision and the Environmental Movement

Every now and again, a country will try to capture the Amsterdam insanity vote with a song about the nasty things which people do to the happy trees and/or the happy birds. Here are some environmental protest songs which have made it to the contest:

Norway 1980: 'Land of the Sami People', a poignant reflection on a hydro-electric power plant.

France 1981: 'Humanahum', a lament that the planet "doesn't shine anymore."

Finland, 1982: 'Nuku Pommiin' ('Bomb Extinction'), another poignant reflection, this time about a nuclear power plant.

Cyprus, 1991: 'SOS', an analysis of the environmental consequences of acid rain on the birdlife of Europe.

Austria, 2003: 'Man is the Measure of All Things'. No-one really knows what the song was about, but it did feature life-size cut-outs of animals playing musical instruments, and the line 'Well, the animals of this world, I rather like them. But my true favourites are the rabbits and the bears.' I think I've heard Peter Garrett say something similar.

4) Eurovision and the Military Coup

If you find any of the above disturbing, think about this. According to Des Mangan, Eurovision triggered a military coup in Portugal in 1974. The broadcasting of the Portuguese song 'And After the Farewell' was the cue to start the uprising. It's just as well the coup came off, because the song placed last.

On Libertarianism

By Alex Douglas

Hunter S. Thompson, Ronald Nozick, and Murray Rothbard. Gun-toting nuts and self-styled philosophers. Appalachian pot growers, Atlanta millionaires, State Supreme Court judges. Radical enough for Leftists, balls enough for Rightists. It's libertarianism, baby. If libertarianism will be remembered in the pages of the history of thought, it might well be as the last American political movement to make any sense. The major parties fall over themselves like octopuses playing Twister on ketamine: trying to keep disparate and contradictory constituencies buttered up; descending into a delirious and purblind mashup of unreadable legislation, Biblical delusions, and the shrapnel of a crisis in American values. All the while, libertarians, perhaps from the insane remnants of that same crisis, put together a clear and rational argument whose premises lead back to the Constitution, the Declaration, and all those other foundational nomologies Americans like to talk about without going into too much detail.

I first heard of libertarianism when I was living in Washington DC. When I asked for the difference between such an ideology and anarchism, the response was, "There's a big fat line. Libertarians think the government should still balance the budget and all that stuff; it's just that there shouldn't be any military or police." This did not inspire in me a great interest. Later, and after sitting on buses next to many a raving, conspiracy theorising, self-employed nut-case libertarian, I realised what it was that stood stalwart behind this doctrine. There are at least two problems in political philosophy which libertarians raise. The first is that surely any state institution, at least any non-fascist state institution, cannot have its juridical basis simply in normative morality (things like the rights of individuals, are presumably derived from negotiations of power and not from moral norms — Carl Schmitt was perspicacious enough to realise that the decision of what counts as political is itself a political decision). The second is why we should be obliged to obey any authority to which we have not given our actual, and not merely hypothetical, consent.

I will never become a libertarian, for reasons I will give later. But my change in attitude towards libertarianism was completed when I visited my friend in Seattle, a city which

boasts the bloodiest-hearted welfare liberalism while being (un-) home to one of the greatest homeless populations on the west coast. My friend and I were arguing about his voting Libertarian for a whole day. By the end of the night, we were exhausted, and stopped at a bar to have a drink. The man at the door would not accept my Australian driver's license, so I asked the manager if he had discretion to let me in. He said he had none, that the liquor control board had discretion, that he understood it was inconvenient, and that if I came back with my passport he would gladly buy me any beer I wanted. I came back with my passport. As the manager got the bartender's attention, I asked him if he really did not have discretion to let in who he wanted. He told me that in fact he did, but the laws were so strict they had him scared.

I felt well and truly hustled. How had I so dutifully gone and gotten my passport, without making that manager work for the luxury of dismissing me so easily? Normally I would have trapped him in at least a half-hour of pointless argument before giving in. It's not as though I had anything better to do. The 'liquor control board' was his ace in the hole. I had been suckered by Seattle and its 'never after 9 pm' liquor sale laws into believing in and submitting to a mysterious and nonexistent Authority. Somehow, indirectly, a bunch of vote trafficking, misguided politicians had made me, momentarily, into a wretched theist.

"Charlie, get this guy whatever he needs, on the house," said the manager, checking my passport for the fourth time then going back to his unfortunate attempts to chat up the underage girls he had just let in. Some goddamned city, I thought, ordering four double Black Russians and a bottle of the house red.

"Didn't he say whatever beer you wanted?" asked the bartender. But he was more concerned with the prison time he was facing for selling vodka oranges to 17 year old girls. Later that night, we raised our Black Russians to the Libertarian party.

As I said, it was not a conversion. What I realised was that in America, there is an awful lot of 'civil' in 'civil society'. The bitter taste of Civitas is never far from one's tongue. I

"In my picture of a libertarian society, I imagine an unbearable assault of unrestricted advertising for teeming syndicates on television, on radio, in schools, anywhere there is a blank space to place billboards. I picture haggard slogans and jingles for education services, bus services, for private firms to test new pharmaceuticals for harmful side effects, private ambulances bearing advertisements, paramedics hitting you with the defibrillator while suggesting that 'when you recover, why not try Starbucks' new Recovery Chai?'"

had never believed in the distinction of private and public life, but maybe that was naïve. In Australia, at least, one's public life does not seem quite so outrageously, explicitly public. Here I do not have the feeling of being fussed over by a million mothers with a million different parenting strategies they are eager to try out on me. But the libertarian solution nonetheless falls over. In my picture of a libertarian society, I imagine an unbearable assault of unrestricted advertising for teeming syndicates on television, on radio, in schools, anywhere there is a blank space to place billboards. I picture haggard slogans and jingles for education services, bus services, for private firms to test new pharmaceuticals for harmful side effects, private ambulances bearing advertisements, paramedics hitting you with the defibrillator while suggesting that "when you recover, why not try Starbucks' new Recovery Chai?". I'm not trying to paint this as a dystopia; I'm only saying that I couldn't stomach it. Soon enough I know I would go running back to my nagging bureaucratic mothers.

The argument for dismantling the state is, of course, nothing new. What is new for libertarians is the scope of their following, and their alliances. "Anarchocapitalism" would have sounded as absurd as "Marxocapitalism" only a few decades ago. But in the end, I think, libertarianism is yet another falling-short of anarchism, and not, as it sometimes appears to be, an anarchism which has found its feet in plausibility and its extra muscle on the Right. Isaiah Berlin's famous insight that any 'positive' conception of liberty leads unstoppably to abuses of the 'negative' liberty of people, is not well served by libertarian ideology. In a libertarian society, coercion would take its ugliest form in the unremitting Protestant work ethic. A libertarian may counter that this work ethic is a better measure of man than the conflated mess of values a state imposes upon its people by organising and institutionalising them. But work is nonetheless an institution, and freedom to earn uninhibited and according to one's own enterprise or suffer is still not exactly negative liberty.

In my enthusiasm for quasi-political thinkers like Deleuze, I have often been told that he is nothing but a crypto-libertarian. But to say this is to miss the subtlety of a very spe-

cial anarchism which finds its voice in Deleuze. "Crowned anarchy," he says one time — the unmistakable point here being that anarchy itself is crowned. In the libertarian picture an old opposition is still upheld: anarchy versus the crown. The notion that if the state can be overthrown, true economic relationships could freely form justifies anarchy only as the handmaiden to a truer natural order. An equivalent is voiced in Leftist anarchism through Noam Chomsky's refusal to give up on the idea of universal justice, finding in that concept the only possible basis for critique of current state forms. But for Deleuze, this can never be enough: failing to purge anarchism of its chiliastic qualities, burdening it with the hope of a future Order, one fails to crown anarchism in itself — rather it becomes the locus of a new liberation theology.

Libertarians, left and right, question the state and escape momentarily into the metapolitical, only to re-found politics at the level of economic relationships or universal morality. For anarchy to bring with it neither of these is perhaps the task that weighs heaviest upon our political courage. We are reminded of Yeats: mere anarchy is loosed upon the world. But if a new centre (even a decentralised centre) is to form from the ashes of our old political thinking, what Second Coming would justify that centre's holding? Wherein is rationalised economic rationalism? What universalises universal morality? One may well throw Yeats back at me and say that if anarchy is to emerge so very nakedly upon the world, things can only fall apart. That prospect seems both our darkest fear and our greatest hope. As to the more prosaic question of which things should fall apart where, a good thing to begin with is probably oneself. A dissolving person is better than a libertarian who turns out to be nothing more than another ideologue of egoism. Three quarters of the way through the wine, to the Dionysiac chorus of vomiting underage girls, a jaundiced and terrified bar manager, and not-too-distant sirens, I realised this. Through libertarianism, to emerge on the other side of a politicised madness, there is no going back. And legitimate anarchism be damned.

Politics and Censorship: It's Nice to be Protected

By Mathew Kenneally

Mathew is a humanitarian who is currently publishing his memoirs, *Mathew Kenneally: An Insignificant Life So Far*

The current government seems giddy in its fights to protect and secure the safety of Australian citizens. Whether banning Islamic books, taking on Big Brother, or censoring films about paedophiles, they have leapt at every chance to protect the Australian people from the Australian people. However, I'm becoming sceptical about whether we need such enthusiastic protection.

Take for example the latest idea floated by Phillip Ruddock to ban extreme Islamic books. The government was put under pressure to ban such literature by the Daily Telegraph (a "news" paper) and Ray Hadley (a Rugby League commentator with "opinions") in response to the bombing in London (an "English" city). On one level the idea is attractively simple: to stop people embracing an extremist anti-western ideology we'll just ban their favourite books. That may anger many extremists, but it should at least stop these dangerous ideas from spreading: unless extremists discover the internet.

"They are trying to protect us from nudity, crude conversation, and sexual behaviour depicted on Big Brother. This may not be terrorism, but is apparently a serious threat to the fabric of our society."

However, does this idea go far enough? I meant let's be frank, Arabic is a very foreign language, which numerous Australians cannot understand. There may be only one way we can be sure that peace loving Australians are not persecuted by racist hate speech: ban the language through which that hate is expressed. It is merely a balancing of rights. In this case the language rights of a minority may have to give way to the right of the majority to live in a world without hate. On the other hand maybe we shouldn't pay too much attention to the Daily Telegraph or Ray Hadley. It's a bit of a cliché, but Stalin, Hitler, and Mao all had massive book banning campaigns – and you've got to admit, anything that they all did is probably a bad idea.

The government has two wing-men in their crusade to protect us. They are two Christian organizations: The Australian Family Association, and the Festival of Light. This



trio led by MPs Trish Draper and Peter Lindsay are making every effort to protect Australians from nudity, crude conversation, and sexual behaviour depicted on Channel Ten's Big Brother. This may not be terrorism, but according to the trio it is a serious threat to the fabric of our society. One can just imagine Sophie Panopoulos referring to Channel Ten and the Housemates as smut terrorists. I suppose that I shouldn't complain. The more time these people spend trying to ban Big Brother, the less time they spend trying to convert me.

The Australian Family Association and the Festival of Light were recently at it again, petitioning Phillip Ruddock to ban the film *Mysterious Skin*, a film about two teenagers who were sexually abused. According to the organizations, the film could act as a "how to" manual for prospective paedophiles - hmmm.

If this test were applied to other films, we'd never see a Hollywood blockbuster in this country again, let alone an adaptation of a Tom Clancy novel (admittedly this would not necessarily be a bad thing). What if an Arabic-book-reading-terrorist stumbles into a theatre showing *Batman Begins*. They could then start planning to poison our water supply with a fear inducing drug, sending us all mad and leading to a wave of violence that destroys the very foundations of Gotham (read Melbourne) City.

Possible; not likely.

I suppose that while I'd rather be protected from spiralling health care costs, global warming, maybe even terrorism, and certainly the strange man that hangs out on the corner of my street - I'll have to accept that there are only a few things that catch the government's interest. Those include dirty movies, people who read Arabic, and people like myself who enjoy the former, and could quite potentially take a summer course in the latter.

Five Memorable Deaths in Office

By Simone Gubler

1. Harold Holt

What can beat the ignominy of being known for the spectacular manner of your death rather than for the spectacular achievements of your life (including that of becoming Prime Minister)? And yet, this is precisely how Harold Holt is remembered by most Australians, as the PM who disappeared; as the guy who probably drowned, probably got swallowed by a shark, probably got picked up by a Japanese or Chinese or Russian midget submarine, probably got eaten by a dingo and probably got knocked on the head by an underwater Labor staffer. Because no-one actually knows how Harold died. Sure, witnesses saw him walk into the water at Cheviot Beach on the 17th of December, 1967, but no one saw him walk out, and a three-week naval search failed to discover his body. To this day, the true cause of Holt's death, if in fact he is dead, remains a mystery to the Australian people.

2. The Dead Kennedys

Okay, so some of these guys weren't in office, but no article on political deaths would be complete without a nod to the famous curse of the Kennedys. The Kennedys formed a liberal political dynasty like none other. Yet, one by one, they died young, without fulfilling their great personal promise.

1. John F Kennedy, 35th President of America, was assassinated in 1963.

2. His brother, Robert Kennedy, was assassinated in 1968 while campaigning for the democratic presidential nomination.

3. Previous to these two deaths, another of their brothers was killed in a plane crash in 1944. A sister was killed in a plane crash in 1948. Another sister ended up in an psychiatric ward.

4. The remaining Kennedy brother, Edward, lost his chance of running for President when he drove his car into a river and a passenger died because he apparently made no attempt to save her.

5. Two of Robert Kennedy's sons died young, one was killed in a skiing accident, the other overdosed on drugs.

6. John F Kennedy Junior., his wife and sister-in-law all died in 1999 when a small plane he was flying crashed into the Atlantic Ocean.

7. The icing on the pathos cake came when JFK's niece, Maria Shriver, married a prominent Republican - Arnold Schwarzenegger.

3. Julius Caesar

Like so many men, if Julius had only listened to his women, things might have turned out better for him. But he didn't. So he died. Slain by the hand of his best friend. Silly bugger.

4. Stalin

Poor Stalin, the culture of fear he fostered around himself condemned him to the loneliest of deaths. Early on March 1st, 1953, Stalin suffered a brain haemorrhage in his bed. The next morning when he failed to rise, no one rushed to his aid; his staff knew that if Stalin was in fact all right, they would be punished for entering without his permission. On the other hand, they fretted, if he was ill they would be punished for not having rushed to his aid. It was quite a quandary. Almost a day later, the staff made their decision - and entered Stalin's chambers, only to discover him in a semi-comatose state. This called for some more dithering - this time, over whether to call in doctors or not. Stalin's mistrust of the medical profession was infamous; just a month earlier he had had his whole medical staff arrested and executed, suspecting that they wanted to assassinate him. And so Stalin's intimidated staff waited another day before summoning medical assistance. By this stage, he was pretty far gone, and three days later, on the 5th of March, he died. The next day his body lay in state near Red Square and millions came to view it, many of them having trouble believing that the indomitable leader that they had known for decades was dead. It is estimated that in the rush to see Stalin, 500 people were crushed to death. It was just like the bastard to take civilians with him.

5. John Winston Howard

Ok, so this one's just wishful thinking - but here goes. "On the 24th of August 2005 the Prime Minister of Australia, John Howard, was violently sat upon by the leader of the Opposition, Kim Beazley. The impact of Mr. Beazley's bottom upon Mr. Howard's head caused his skull to shatter like an eggshell and his spinal column to crumple, shards of bone impaling his heart like a pickled onion on a cocktail stick. Doctors who performed the autopsy on Mr. Howard were unable to confirm time of death, expressing some confusion on the issue, the most conservative of their estimates placed actual time of death at ten years ago; the cause, they said, was probably cardiac petrification - a transformative process through which the heart becomes stone. The information gathered at the autopsy will almost certainly win Mr. Beazley an acquittal on charges of murder, since there is no legal precedent for prosecuting a murder committed against someone who had already experienced biological death."

The Politics of Pretty

Rachael Kendrick discusses the politics of behind the 'beautiful people'.



What do you see in the mirror? Sounds silly, but don't underestimate the impact of this question. Me, I sometimes see Jack Nicholson where I should see a side-parted poseur in smudged glasses. A little leering, a little crusty, a little greasy, and with eyebrows which could cut glass. I'll be honest. One shouldn't be so attached to profane things, but Jack Nicholson in the mirror scares the crap out of me. Do I have the face of an ageing character actor most of the time? Am I deluding myself? Should I be chasing Helen Hunt and scaring small dogs? Should I climb into a hot tub with Kathy Bates and accept that, often, I'm just not that pretty?

Questions of prettiness – who is, who isn't, who decides and why it matters – have become decidedly unfashionable. Big media apologists such as Catherine Lumby reassure us that we are a generation of confident, savvy, critical consumers, unswayed by the increasingly visual, media-oriented world we live in. In a world awash with images of the beautiful people, the smart consumer can confidently distinguish between what they can have and what they can't have, what's sensible and what's, well, stupid. We're thoroughly Postmodern captains of our discursive destiny, where the surface is everything and nothing means anything. Questions of objectification and power, questions like why our bodies are slowly metamorphosing into fleshy billboards of our social and cultural worth, sound, well, insulting.

But why is body politics so passé? In her seminal (and readable) work, *Unbearable Weight*, philosopher Susan Bordo argues that body politics have been dismissed by a Postmodernism gone trashy. In short, you'd be forgiven for thinking we live in a theoretical Animal Farm now – all differences are equal, but some difference is more

equal than others. We're free to choose our destiny for ourselves, whether we want to be thin or fat, have a long nose or a short one, have straight hair or curly hair, be successful or unhappy. From Oprah to Cosmo to CNN we're given the message that the world is full of choices. Happy, glorious choices, all the while ignoring just what these choices mean for the people. Sure, you can be fat and happy, we just don't want to have to look at you. Sure, you can have a nose of a particular size and shape, 'ethnic' is cool, isn't it? Such attitudes efface the very real struggles people have with living in particular bodies. We're progressive, sure, but our ideas of what and who is beautiful exclude people from many races and classes.

Don't get me wrong, but Foucault is, and always will be, my baby daddy. But somewhere in the popularisation of Postmodernity a few key things got lost. The world we live in now is not the same as the past, nor is it the result of a steady, uninterrupted evolution. Woman and man did not beget girl who beget corset who beget Wonderbra. Our past, our future and our present are characterised by ruptures, breaks in the way we see the world. The way we look at and represent our bodies and ourselves is now not the same as it has been in the past, and this is telling. Basically, it wasn't always like this. The urgency with which we regard our appearance now is thoroughly contemporary. John Berger compared the urgency of the contemporary image with older images, oil paintings, in his book *Ways of Seeing*. For those of you who haven't taken a first year art history, film or cultural criticism course, *Ways of Seeing* is about how the way we see things is affected by what we know or believe. The soup of TV shows, ads, magazine, billboards, movies and music videos we drink is urgent, demanding. They seek out our pleasures, our hungers, our pain and our anxiety. They push us away from the past

into a future that is, in Berger's words, endlessly deferred. We will be beautiful, we will be whole, and we will be loved – some time. It's from this throng of chattering images that glamour emerges.

'Glamour,' Berger tells us, 'is a modern invention. In the heyday of the oil painting it did not exist. Ideas of grace, elegance, authority amounted to something apparently similar but fundamentally different.' The difference, he argues, is in aspiration. Looking at a Gainsborough painting of a beautiful woman, Berger notes that while she is 'wealthy, beautiful and lucky... her qualities are her own and have been recognized as such. What she is does not entirely depend on others wanting to be like her.'

Is this the core of the pretty girl? I hate to paraphrase Fight Club but I think I have to. We're raised to believe we can all be rock stars, movie gods and athletes. I'd add that we're raised to believe that if we do enough we can be pretty, coolly, effortlessly, enviably pretty. It's all a matter of choice. We can be gorgeous, and if you do it right you don't even look like you care.

Of course, such things are not so simple. It's not really in our nature to not care. I want to emphasize that prettiness, appearance, body image, whatever you want to call it is never simply about looks. Written on the faces and bodies of many, most of us, I would argue, is a bitter conflict between who we are, who we think we are and who we want to be. For many, the tension between an unruly, hairy, doughy – let's not mince words, ugly - body and overarching ideals of control and perfection aren't just distracting, they're all consuming. It's not simply a matter of being pretty, as though pretty were out of the ordinary. There are no longer any excuses for homeliness, so pretty has become normal. Viewed this way, the un-pretty person is just not normal.

Feminist and clever lady Wendy Chapkis neatly, if a little stridently, summed up the freakiness of the non-pretty, saying that the non-pretty lady was 'not only Other, she is Error... though this judgement is intrinsically, impersonal, it is rarely experienced that way. Each woman is made to feel an intensely private shame for her "personal failure." She is alone in the crowd pushing towards the cosmetics counter, the plastic surgeon, the beauty specialist... we are like foreigners attempting to assimilate into a hostile culture, our bodies continually threatening to betray our difference.'

But what to do, what to do? There are no neat solutions, just as there are no neat people. Increasingly, men are becoming caught in the serenely countenanced maelstrom of prettiness, too, and this is challenging and redefining the way we view attractiveness. I'm simply a cranky feminist fed up with the way our bodies, our looks and the selves contained within are made into unprotesting surfaces, skins on which the whims and fancies of capricious fashion can be played out. We're losing the sense of our bodies as our own, as the sweating, hairy, feeling flesh in which we live our lives. Fuck cool. Fuck beautiful. And fuck pretty, because, deep down, pretty is unpleasant and mean. Jack Nicholson and I are going to become good friends in the future.

PARENTING ROOMS For Students & Staff



The University provides two new parenting rooms.

- Chifley Library, 3rd floor
- Acton Early Childhood Centre, 22 Balmain Cres.

Features of this service include:

- Key card access for privacy
- Baby changing table
- Nappy disposal unit
- Privacy screen for breastfeeding
- Comfortable chairs
- Kitchenette

For information on accessing these new facilities please contact Equity & Diversity staff:

T: 6125 3352/6125 3868

**E: EquityandDiversity@anu.edu.au
www.anu.edu.au/equity**

Political Animals and Pet Hates

By Nicholas Beresford-Wylie

Late one evening last week, I received a phone call from a good friend of mine who happens to be a volunteer at her local kennel club. Evidently, while she had been clearing out the clubs archives she had stumbled across a series of brief letters written by the junior members about their dogs. As she read the letters to me, I suddenly realised that perhaps the innocence and light-hearted nature of these children's letters would lift the tone of the highly political, left-wing and ever so pretentious student magazine. So here they are, seven heart-warming letters from junior dog lovers. I hope you find them as uplifting as I did.

Name: Little Johnny H

Age: 13

About your dog: I have a Jack Russel; his name's Aussie. He's my friend and he does everything I tell him; he's a real beaut. He loves playing back-yard cricket with me. Some times he comes with me to school. I love to power walk to school, but my dad always says I have to keep to the right. Aussie can always keep up too, but sometimes when he sees bigger dogs he likes to follow 'em. I reckon he'll be around forever.

Name: Mandy V

Age: 10

About your dog: My dog's name is Menzies, she's a British Bull Dog. She used to be a guard dog at a junkyard so we brought her back to be a guard dog at home. She doesn't like people she doesn't know. She's a good attack dog, but she always makes mistakes and attacks the wrong people. Sometimes it's funny like the time she trapped our neighbour Mrs Rau in her back yard for six weeks. But once she even attacked my mum. My dad's keeping her on a leash now though with a muzzle.

Name: Tony A

Age: 9

About your dog: I got a Rottweiler, me dad calls him Monk. He's a bloody good dog, he goes for anyone and he doesn't ever let go. Me dad says he's the randiest dog on the block. We reckon he must've been with every 'female dog' on the block. People are always showin' up claiming their dogs had Monk's puppies, but me dad just says "Prove it".

"Me dad says he's the randiest dog on the block. We reckon he must've been with every 'female dog' on the block. People are always showin' up claiming their dogs had Monk's puppies, but me dad just says 'prove it'."

Name: Brendon

Age: 8

About your dog: My family has a golden retriever named Cranbrook. I'm meant to be teaching him tricks but he won't ever do what I say. We took him to the best obedience schools around, but he still won't retrieve. So now we've decided not to feed him until he does what he's told. He barks a lot, but that won't change our minds, my dad says it's for his own good. He's getting very skinny and the vet said he might die, but it's his own choice.

Name: Pete C

Age: 12.572

About your dog: I have a poodle called Potential. He's very intelligent and would be good at leading the pack I think. Although he keeps picking fights with the Jack Russel down the street and always runs away before there's actually a fight. One day I think he'll beat him though. He deserves to.

Name: Kimbo B

Age: 13

About your dog: I've got big St Bernard called Lazarus; he's been with me for ages. He's a rescue dog by nature but I've never seen him actually rescue anything. I'm worried by his tendency to walk down the middle of the road, he never goes to the left or right and unfortunately he's been run over twice. Hasn't stopped him though.

Name: Mark L

Age: 6

About your dog: My dog's a mongrel and we call him Mongrel too. Dad took him to a show once and said he was a pure bred, but the judges knew he wasn't and didn't pick him. They picked some stupid little Jack Russel instead; my dad said he was a suck hole. [The records indicate that shortly after this letter was written, young Mark left the kennel club with his dog, which didn't meet club standards. But Mark sent a very threatening letter to the club a while later.]

I hope you enjoyed these letters as much as I did. It's said that a person's choice of dog reflects their character and I feel confident that all of these children have made their mark in life.

The Politics of Contraception

By Toby Halligan

The management of sexual health has always been controversial. For centuries it was left to the church to teach the populace about the appropriate way to behave, and of course the focus was on morality and not on the prevention of sexual infections. Fortunately for us, the modern approach tends to be more progressive and leaves most of the decisions we make about our sexuality to the individual. It focuses on offering testing and health care where necessary and information about potential infections and methods of avoiding them.

These shifts indicate both a less ideological approach to sexual health but also that the state has more faith in its citizens to manage their own hygiene. So now instead of abstinence being employed as the way to prevent STIs, condoms are the main tool advocated by health authorities. Thanks to condoms, we can now have sex without the risk of pregnancy or potentially fatal (in the case of HIV and Hepatitis) STIs.

Recently though a series of studies focussing on STIs like Herpes, Chlamydia and HPV (the virus that causes genital warts which eighty-five per cent of Cervical cancer) have found that the approach taken by the health authorities is generating misconceptions about how effective condoms really are in preventing the spread of many viruses.

Take for example the most recent ad campaign released by the NSW. The advertisements consist of pictures of young people with the line "Tonight I'm picking up Chlamydia (crossed out) condoms." The message these ads send is that condom use is all that's required to ensure you avoid picking up Chlamydia but this isn't actually true.

Here's what recent studies found, as published in July's *Investigate*:

- condoms offer no protection against the spread of HPV.

- 917 femal sex workers in Peru were examined monthly for STIs. Those women who consistently used condoms still had a chlamydia rate of seventy-four per cent compared to those who didn't.

- A study of 598 people who attended an STD clinic found that infection rates were almost the same regardless of whether a condom was always used or not.

- A study done in Africa found that consistent condom

use only resulted in a twenty-nine per cent reduction of syphilis infection and a fifty per cent reduction in chlamydia and gonorrhoea.

A common problem with all sexual health research is that its very difficult to quantify whether everyone involved is actually using condoms all the time, and whether their using them properly (which is demonstrated by the significantly different percentage figures between the studies). Also these people are almost certainly having sex more than once before they were tested so the percentages do not translate directly into the risk of contracting an STI during a single sexual encounter. Despite this, these studies indicate that either huge numbers of people are very confused about how condoms work, or that they are ineffective. Another possibility is that people have misunderstood other advise given by health authorities relating to oral sex. Its still possible to pass on many STIs through oral sex.

So here's the political aspect of this article. While their websites contain more detailed information, very few people actually visit them, so the contents of the mainstream ad campaigns is far more important. Perhaps the rationale is noting that the potential for condoms not working would reduce the incentive for young people to use them. This doesn't put enough faith in individuals. Quite frankly saying that condoms reduce the chances of catching an STI would, for the vast majority of people, be enough of an incentive to use them.

The main problem with treating condoms as an all effective mechanism for preventing STI transmission is that it reduces the incentive of people to get checked, or to regularly consult websites for information. If you've been told that condoms are all you need to prevent infection then why would you bother getting checked up? In short, they're diluting their own message, and as a result, many STIs which can be easily treated go untreated. This is because people work on the assumption that they couldn't have contracted anything because they always use condoms.

The lesson here is not that condoms are bad or that the health authorities are bad. Condoms do stop HIV and they reduce the chances of other STIs, but the fact remains that we deserve to be given all the information about condom use. Failing to do so ensures that the rate of STI infection will continue to rise and that those that do have STIs won't come forward.

The Rockstar Politic

By Tim Dwyer

"Presley kept repeating that he wanted to be helpful, that he wanted to restore some respect for the flag which was being lost... He also mentioned that he has been studying Communist brainwashing and the drug culture for over ten years."

-White House Memorandum for President Nixon's meeting with Elvis Preseley
December 21st, 1970



Of all the things that can happen when you elevate yourself to the dizzying heights of prescription drug abuse, perhaps a hug with President Nixon appears to be as about as desirable as having sex with a pitchfork. Then again, Elvis was special and it is safe to say that we would certainly expect that kind of flagrant disregard for one's own hygiene from The King. However, this love affair between rock stars and politicians has been around for a while, and shows that politicians really know how to speak to the kiddies.

Ultimately, Bono and Geldof continually get away with the defilement of hedonism - attacking the behavior that we should expect from our rock and roll anti-heroes: depraved sick fucked drunks, spitting out whirlwinds and vomit. They are not the type to give good will hug tours with Kofi Annan. Their job description is simple: they should be dead by now. Even Elvis got it, although, some would say too late. So the pillow talk of politics and rock stars is not new. But it can get wet enough to have some believe that it is responsible for an entire electoral change.

In 1996, Tony Blair attended the Brit Awards. When Oasis drifted onstage to accept an award, a drug fucked Noel Gallagher exclaimed, "there are seven people in this room tonight who are giving a little bit of hope." Gallagher named

all five members of the band, the president of their label and, Tony Blair. Later that year Alastair Campbell (Tony Blair's press secretary) wrote: "Something has shifted, there's a new feeling in the streets. There's a desire for change. Britain is exporting pop music again. Now all we need is a new government." In April 1997, Blair won the general election.

Perhaps this is a tenuous link, but hey, it's still good to know that politicians really know what is important to society. Nixon knew it in 1970, when a bloated Elvis said to him that the "Beatles had been a real force for anti-American spirit." It was probably also good to know that Elvis had been "studying the drug culture for over ten years. He mentioned that he knew a lot about this and was accepted by the hippies. He said he could go right into a group of young people or hippies and be accepted, which could be helpful for him (Nixon) in his drug drive."

Anyway, whatever, it seems that for some reason politicians want to be cool and rock stars want to make a "real" difference. Fuck it, if you really want to be cool and make a difference, bot five pingers, inject acid and kill the President. Until then, consumer whores, you keep believing that Brit-Pop really did make a difference.

Making Poverty History: How Sir Bob Falls Short

By Timothy Caddey

"Why don't all the world's Sir Bobs, who would most definitely be opposed to suffering of the people created by corrupt governments, stand up to the dictators?"

I know it's a hard thing to have a go at Sir Bob Geldolf at the moment. After all, the man has seemingly done an incredible thing and convinced the G8 to actually do something about the poverty in Africa, even as the terrorist bombings in London took place. However, Sir Bob has made a critical error in his campaign; if he is serious about "making poverty history", then debt relief was not the best method to go about it.

This is not to say that debt relief is not a serious problem. Numerous nations which will now benefit from Sir Bob's work currently suffer from crippling repayments, at inflated interest, that absorb vast amounts of these states GDP. Such is a symptomatic effect of poverty. However, the crux of Sir Bob's mistake is in this fact; it is *symptomatic*. It is a *product* of poverty, which, while having exacerbating effects, is not the root cause of the poverty that effects these African nations, and other nations in South America and Southern Asia that also suffer under crippling debt (why Sir Bob left these out of his grand plan is not clear – not enough media grabbing starving Ethiopian children is my guess).

The root causes of poverty, as widely held by most economists and political thinkers, are two fold; environmental and political. The former can be a hard thing to deal with; what exactly do we do about the sudden devastating drought that has effectively destroyed Ethiopia, or the 2004 Tsunami? However, not all environmental disasters are uncontrollable. Far too often we are seeing a repeat of Tanzania, which levelled its vast forests for quick economic gain, only to suffer land degradation that devastated the state's agriculture. Perhaps this is where the Bush Administration's reservations about the failure of the Third World to sign the Kyoto Protocol is well founded; Dubya is really aware that the environmental impacts on the Third World will have drastic social consequences. The fact is, significant environmental controls need to exist in the Third World not simply for the normal Western reasons (read: tree-hugger philosophy), but because the direct impact on these nations is so dire.

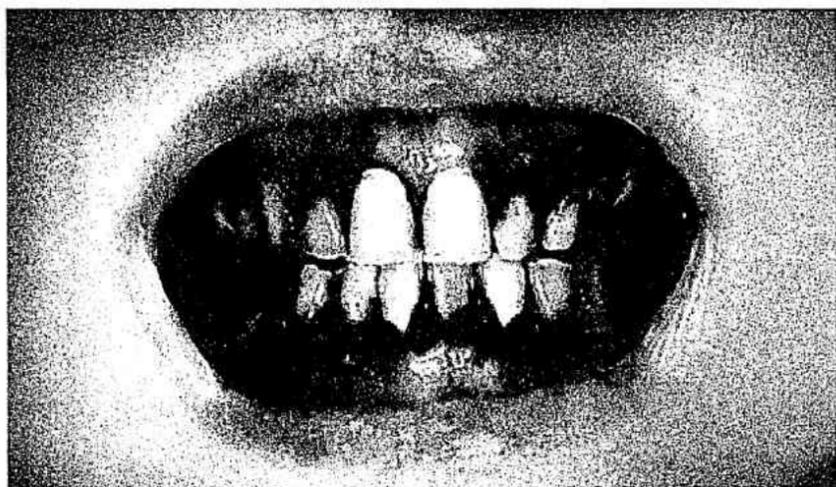
The other cause of poverty is corruption, which is where Sir Bob actually pushes beyond hypocritical. His constant attacks on the Western political attitudes need to be thrown into the stark contrast of the large-scale corruption that exists in Africa. There is a direct correlation between debt and corruption; the less corrupt a nation is, the less in debt it is because these states manage their funds better (read: less of the funds go directly into the regime's pockets). We see this in the actual substance of the G8's debt plan, which sets political criteria to qualify for relief.

This is justified by the claim of "lighting a beacon of guidance for leadership." While such carrots are all well and good, history tells us that sticks are much more effective. The most obvious example is South Africa and apartheid. Vast criticism from the international community, amounting to international pariah-dom, caused the regime to ultimately buckle. So where is this pressure now? Why don't all the world's Sir Bobs, who would most definitely be opposed to suffering of the people created by corrupt governments, stand up to the dictators? Could it be that they won't because the oppressive and corrupt despots are now black? That's the line Robert Mugabe uses; he rebuffs any international criticism as "white imperialism." This gains him the support of his neighbours, and while it's not surprising to see other tyrants support this line, but the fact that such is also supported by South Africa is concerning.

It's time to be tough, to stand up to the despots, return effective political pressure on these states. It's time for Mugabe to face the same music as Saddam (and this time you don't need WMDs; the fact he's an utter bastard should be enough). It's time for Sir Bob to have another global concert, which will raise funds for the Zimbabwean opposition, or for land restoration, or both. That would make poverty history, and be a true triumph for the human race.

Political Correctness: Watch Your Mouth

By Samuel Birbeck



Sometime late last year, that stalwart of honest and objective reporting, *The Australian*, ran a front page article about the government's plan to institute mutual obligation for members of indigenous communities who receive welfare payments - things like making sure their kids wash their hands and faces and go to school. The paper ran with a huge headline: "Sit Down Cash Ends for Blacks." Having written my letter to the editor sympathising that it must have been hard to choose between that and the also catchy "No More Handouts for Boongs", I took a moment to reflect on political correctness.

It doesn't seem like that long ago that we had to watch every little thing we said if it had anything to do with race, gender or sexuality. Things got so pathetic for a while there that you could rent a copy of *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* and actually get a giggle out of it. I knew in my heart that this era of false open-mindedness would pass with the coming of a new decade, and we'd all be able to get back to saying whatever the hell what we wanted, safe in the knowledge that there would be few, if any, misunderstandings of each other's intentions.

So why does it feel like we're right back where we started? The only people who seem to have broken through the politeness barrier are cockhead conservatives whose intentions are anything but pure. Sure, Margaret Cho can make jokes about the hate mail she gets calling her a "chink gook cunt," but you'd be hard pressed to quote her in a university publication without the right-on types screaming their objections. It worries me that while *The Australian* carries out its systematic character assassinations of pretty much every minority in our community, so many of us are too scared or brainwashed to even just take the piss.

I can see our John going to visit his mate Rupert in one

"I knew in my heart that this era of false open-mindedness would pass with the coming of a new decade, and we'd all be able to get back to saying whatever the hell what we wanted, safe in the knowledge that there would be few, if any, misunderstandings of each other's intentions."

of his lovely American mansions. He could pull up a pew next to everyone's favourite media mogul and share the joy of reading yet another article about how the Liberals have been working on strategies to reinstate the right of women across the nation to forget silly notions of divorce, get back in the bedroom, and keep doing their patriotic duty. They'd share a laugh, a wank and a cuddle, and bask in the lush silence of a public that believes that to protest would be to join the ranks of that endangered species, the feminists, who after all are towering, hairy lesbians, and what if I want to have kids one day? I'd better stay out of this one. Leave it to the opposi... hey, we still have an opposition party, right? I don't blame the Labor party for being a bunch of ineffectual, compromising pussies, because ultimately, politics is all about compromise. I have no idea what sort of Prime Minister Latham would have made, but I do remember getting a kick out of the idea that we as a country might elect a guy who called his predecessor an arse licker.

No matter who's in power, we still get to enjoy the primary function of government: having someone to blame for all the shit we can't be bothered doing anything about. I know it wasn't terribly long ago that I defended, in the pages of this very student rag, the benefits of apathy, but I did specify selective apathy. I still hold a candle for the idea of true revolution. A revolution in which we the people get sick and tired of just whingeing about all the shit our leaders say and do to us and on our behalf, and work to bring about a truly active democracy that could act as an example to other nations. But I doubt that's going to happen until we stop being scared to just say what we really think about the world around us, without compromise, without worrying about being offensive, and for that matter, without tacky, superficial slogans. Don't let the right wing shock jocks have all the fun!

Theatre

Minefields and Miniskirts

Reviewed by Michelle Bond

Directed by Terence O'Connell and adapted from Siobhan McHugh's book. Canberra Playhouse, Saturday July 2nd.

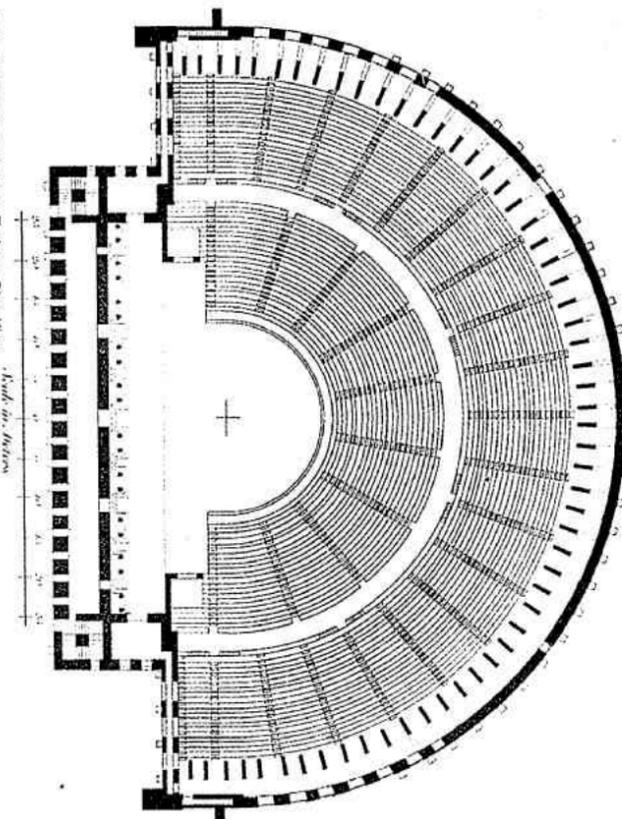
I was not expecting this play to be what it was (mainly due to the somewhat unarresting title). I had not done any research on it, and had not even expected to be attending. It would have slipped past me almost unnoticed, except for the late invitation from a friend who had a spare ticket. And even then I almost declined.

The excellent script of this excellent piece of theatre integrated the Vietnam War stories of five Australian women into a thematically structured series of monologues. Our sympathetic and brave protagonists include: a journalist craving something more substantial than the social pages, a country nurse, a sassy entertainer, an Anglican North Shore girl who breaks off her engagement when her conscience tells her that she cannot ignore the orphaned Vietnamese children, and the wife of a Vietnam veteran whose husband came back quite a different man. I had been a little worried that it would turn out to be a little amateurish, or perhaps group therapy Oprah-style, but the manner in which the stories were intercut, and the way the women responded to each other's histories, was excellently handled. Stories intersected at appropriate places, the better to highlight similarities or contrasts between the women's experiences; and the women would nod and react as they listened to the others' monologues, instead of that old highschool drama favourite, the freeze. This interaction, without turning into some gushy sisterhood affirmation, lent the play a wonderful dignity and warmth.

I found some of the music a little cliched (Leaving on a Jet Plane, anyone?), and the final song didn't seem to be the strongest choice for the situation, but it was well sung and didn't detract too much from the strong, cathartic emotion. Lighting was quite good, with interesting but not distracting effects going on. Particularly striking was an early shadow of helicopter blades being caught in a downlight, which was subtly echoed in the slowturning ceiling fans when the full stage was revealed from the darkness of the prologue-like beginning.

The set was quite simple, but it worked. A pair of temple

The Theatre at Aspendos, Turkey - Plan View
Date of Construction: ca. 150 AD - Seating Capacity: 15,000
Theatre: 99m x 73 metres - 325m x 240 feet (Circumference: 275m x 900 feet) / Stage: 48.5m x 7 metres - 162ft x 23 feet
Approximate measurements based on reconstruction drawings



doors in the centre of the stage, and fairly close to the front of the stage, the better to keep the intimacy of the storytelling; dark curtains either side of this (which later parted to reveal a bright Australian sky when the action moved back to Australia), and a minimalist garden of grasses and paths hedged the women between the audience and the back of the stage. This strange intermediate area was furnished with mismatched chairs and small tables; and although the women told their stories from a position in the future, they moved about in a slightly westernised Vietnamese interior. This seeming disparity between set and script is, in fact, a clever method of showing that many of these women relive these memories endlessly, in a no-man's land of past and present. The costumes strengthened this concept, with the women dressed in various East-West style clothes - the glorious colours and patterns of the silks providing the requisite character illumination/delineation while presenting a visually cohesive group.

As they entered the set, the women appeared to be opening the grand doors onto some escape, or exciting new place. This reflects how the women who did go over felt about being able to escape the confining atmosphere of Australian society in the late sixties. The inevitability that most of these women were quickly disillusioned is certainly not a flaw of the play; instead it allows the script to focus more on the detail of horror, or random moments of beauty or kindness, or the surreal incongruities that feature in a warzone.

It is rare that all actors in a show give near perfect performances, but the five actors clearly understand the women they portray, and have given them distinct dramatic focus and life. The matter-of-fact way the horrors of war are related to the other women and to the audience was particularly striking and effective. This verity has no doubt been helped by the fact that the script was based on a series of interviews McHugh undertook to research the perhaps forgotten role women played in the Vietnam War. Minefields and Miniskirts was an important and striking performance that I can't believe I nearly missed.

Music

Katy Steele from Little Birdy

Interview by Nick Craven

One of Australia's most promising and successful bands of recent times, Little Birdy are about to set off on an Australian tour supported by Canada's Tegan and Sara and WA's Bob Evans (AKA Kevin Mitchell of Jebediah). With ANU Bar set to be rocked on the 27th of August, I talked to frontwoman Katy Steele about songwriting, country music and stilettos.

What are you doing to prepare for the upcoming tour?

We've just finished rehearsing for five hours straight, in a really loud jam room! We're in the process of trying to get a few new songs done for the upcoming tour.

What can the punters at the ANU gig expect of these new songs? Any new directions or surprises?

Well to be honest, the new direction won't be incredibly noticeable until we have finished the album... We're not really too keen to give anything away until it's very certain of where we want to go.

Would you consider yourself a prolific songwriter, having released both an album and an EP in 2004? Well, I'm definitely the kind of person that pushes [myself]... And whenever we need a new song, there is never a shortage... It's something that I really enjoy, and I enjoy the pressure.

What has been the response to the band overseas?

Pretty good, Japan seems to be going well. They seem to dig us, which to me is just the best thing that could ever happen. Japan is such an incredible place, so I am hoping and wishing that we get to go back again.

I saw you supporting REM at the Sydney Entertainment Centre and you fit the role of a stadium rock band comfortably. Were you nervous?

Not really, don't ask me why! It was pretty incredible; playing five songs only though was the weirdest thing. I strictly believe if we had played for longer we would have been a lot more comfortable. The sound was amazing though, such an incredible feeling.

Do you prefer playing larger venues or smaller ones?

Small venues are so lovely when its packed and you've got people right down the front, and it's all hot and sweaty. They are most memorable gigs ever, the vibe is so engaging and physically startling. It's great to be able to almost feel the audience.



Our focus this month is on Politics. Do you think that politics has a place in music or should it be left to the politicians?

Of course if it's something that inspires you, or that is your belief, then of course it has a place. I don't believe in making yourself involved in politics if it has no place in your mind. If we become paralysed by a certain issue then I'm sure it'll be at the top of our list to make it apparent.

ARIA recently inducted several "Icons" of Australian music into their hall of fame. Who do you think are the unsung heroes of Australian music?

Tim Rogers, Paul Kelly, and Neil Finn.

You're a country music fan and Little Birdy definitely have some country elements. What is it that draws you to country music?

The melodies are usually the main thing that draws me in. The honesty is always pretty noticeable and I really like that in music. If you're not honest in your songs, then what is the point, really? I'm also a huge fan of anything with pedal steel so that's usually anything slightly country. I was also brought up on a bit of country so that always helps.

At the Big Day Out this year you had a doll on your mic stand. Is that some kind of band mascot?

It was kind of symbolic of the female perspective. I believe that there is way too much pressure on girls these days to look a certain way.

So you must be almost ready to pack for your tour. What is the item you can't leave home without, that you put in your suitcase first?

Definitely my stilettos!

Last time you played ANU Bar it sold out. What can the masses expect this time around?

The same thing but one million times better!

Various

Sessions Two: Mixed by John Course & Mark Dynamix
Review by Ben Hermann



Like *Sessions One*, *Ministry of Sound's Sessions Two* (or as I like to call it "The Academy Mix") puts together a plethora of well-known, risk-free and easily-digestible dance tracks mixed by two of Australia's most reputable DJs, John Course and Mark Dynamix. Although not as adventurous as his work on *Sessions One*, Course will most likely satisfy listeners with his funky and infectious house mixes of tracks such as Midnight Star's "Midas Touch" and for all you 104.7 listeners, Bodyrockers' "I Like The Way". However it seems Course may have given in to decadent temptation by indulgently including such similar mixes of Mylo's "In My Arms" and Cabin Crew's "Star2Fall" on the same disc; and a mere five tracks apart! Dynamix's contribution this time around caters much more to the niche audience with his combination of electro and tech, but minus the heavyweight names featured on *Sessions One* which gave that compilation such a wide appeal. Unfortunately, this detracts from the quality of the music. Narcotic Thrust's "When the Dawn Breaks" manages to produce enough electro energy and originality to make up for the almost stereotypically repetitious mix of Roman Flugel's "Gehts Noch?", while Fischerspooner's 'Just Let Go' and The Killers' "Mr Brightside" have been suspiciously placed as safety nets at the end of the disc. Although this compilation still provides relatively fresh sounds, if MOS continues to release such predictable *Sessions*, it may soon become wearing, (although obviously not to their bank accounts).

You Am I

The Metro, Sydney, 25 June 2005
Review by Michael Tran



You Am I are fucking good. It's easy to forget as other bands reach the stratosphere. This show was about You Am I reclaiming the stage. "Purple Sneakers", "Cathy's Clown" and "Berlin Chair" are classic tunes, and it takes supreme confidence to rattle these off in the first twenty minutes. However, their back catalogue is deep. "How Much Is Enough" is dead-set one of the finest songs penned by an Australian-ever. Lurching between the menacing "Coprolalia" and the sweet "Mr Milk", You Am I's greatest strength is the tension between the rock and the pop. They love the 'Mats as much as The Beatles. They were in fine form tonight, their muscular opening downshifting to a looser feel. Prominent, unsurprisingly, was mercurial frontman Tim Rogers. As dynamic as ever, he windmilled and leapt frenetically. It's easy to write him off as a ponce, but goddamn he's exciting to watch. Two years ago I saw You Am I at The Metro on my birthday. Tonight was The Metro's turn, celebrating 11 years as a live music institution in downtown Sydney. The sell-out crowd witnessed a show worthy of this heritage. Although a host of Australian and international acts have played The Metro – just check out the posters in the gents – You Am I were deserved headliners. Their seven-show stand in 1996 (supported by Powderfinger, no less) remains the stuff of indie folklore. After raising his red wine to The Metro, Rogers clipped that he'd "shut up and play some songs." There's no better way to celebrate a birthday.

Foo Fighters

In Your Honor
Review by Tom Griffiths



As far as rock clichés go, Dave Grohl and his Foo Fighters have pretty much done them all. They've had the overdoses, the arrests, the celebrity relationships, the breakup of the celebrity relationships, the countless line-up changes, and of course, the token guest appearance by Queen's Brian May, so it seems only fitting that with the release of their new album, they finally complete the list and release a double album. What makes this album a bit different however, apart from the thankful lack of a concept, is the separation of the album into a rock disc and an acoustic disc. The rock disc is pretty much what you'd expect from the Foos; fast-paced, full of dynamics and not straying too far from the formula perfected over their ten year career. The acoustic album, however, is where it gets interesting. Old songs like "See You" and "Ain't it the Life" showed the Foo's potential for writing a solid acoustic number, and parts of the acoustic disc of *In Your Honor* are quite beautiful, and show off a more delicate side of the group that usually gets lost under the distortion. Like with most double albums however, *In Your Honor* is full of holes, and what could have been a rather impressive single disc release becomes a rough slog that is worsened, especially on the rock disc, by the monotonous pace. It was, at least, a bold move away from the questionable direction the Foos were headed with the disposable *One by One* and although it hasn't quite paid off, it at least shows potential for future efforts.

Information Technology

Hints from Heloise

By Rachael Kendrick

One of the most intriguing phenomena of the interweb, as I've mentioned monotonously before, is the way people use this most populist of soapboxes to tell the whole blessed world about their own life. As a concept, there's nothing wrong with that. Humans are social creatures, endlessly fascinated with their own quirks and foibles and, to a much lesser extent, those of others. Throw in some cute graphics, photos of your cat and a few links to Homestar and you're all set. However, I can't help but notice that the ease and ubiquity of net navel gazing (see also blogging [eurgh], online journals [meh], and LiveJournal [spawn of Satan]) has made people forget their manners. In our hyperconnected world it's all too easy to become, well, a bit boorish, and because everyone is writing everything about everyone, people get offended.

Some might argue that hurt nerds should just grow thicker skin. I don't buy this. We're all grown ups. We know how to say please and thank you and to bring a bottle of cheap wine to someone's house when you have dinner. Let's not leave our manners at the virtual door. I mean, honestly, were you raised in a tent?

Rule #1: If you won't say it to their face, don't put it on the fucking internet.

I can't stress this enough. The ease and anonymity of posting shit online lulls people into a false sense of security, leaving the doors wide open for bitchery unseen since the grim days of high school. One would think this is common-sense, but when every second person has a LiveJournal and everyone secretly reads it, such things get forgotten. So, before you post that tirade about how Shazza is a total skank mole bitch because she totally made out with three faux-hawked guys at Mooseheads, think for a second. Would you tell Shazza to her face? And, even then, is it tasteful to let the greater part of Canberra know?

Rule #2: 'I didn't think you'd read it' is not an excuse.

Oh, man, I've heard this before. You just don't assume your little brother will find you're an ardent participant of that gloryhole LiveJournal community, nor that he would find those pictures of you in the Copland toilets with a cordless drill and a router bit (well, how else do they get there?). As a general rule, if you can view it without logging in, so can everyone else. Even then the login thing provides no real degree of security. Anyone can type in an email address and call themselves BigBob4U. Don't ever assume someone you know won't blunder into your internet back alley, and don't ever underestimate the power of web stalking. If you're going to be ashamed of it, don't upload it.

Rule #3: Why are you doing this?

There are many reasons to publish your work online. Some (tomatonation.com, dooce.com, shauny.org, reasonsyouwillhateme.blogspot.com) like writing shit down, funny shit, and they're interested in their own lives; ergo, others are interested in them. They write explicitly for an audience, and they keep their writing light but good. This is interesting for many. Others write for their friends. They want to keep the people they know up to date with their life and with shit they're into. You're not trying to win a Pulitzer, but your audience is interested in you. Therefore, this is interesting to a few. If you want to pour your heart and soul onto a blank page 'til you ain't got no more, then walk away and forget about it, God love you we all do that and it can feel great. This is also interesting to none. Hey, put away that pouting lip, Sylvia. Step away from the computer, walk yourself down to a newsagency and buy yourself a notebook and a pen. The internet doesn't need to hear about it.

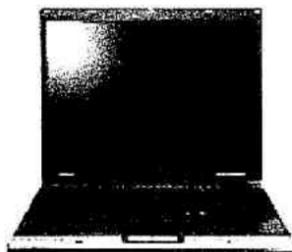
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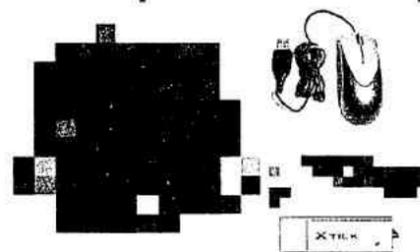
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Woroni 2005

Literature

Talking Smack & Books

By Patchy

There is surely no greater chance in your life to talk a delicious and distracting mix of rot and nonsense, politics and philosophy, science, sport and sex, than there is at University. An endless chatter of inanity, thankfully infiltrated by ideas, knowledge and debate. It is essentially, as some like to call it, 'smack talk'.

This is not to sit back supremely smug and self satisfied in the knowledge of our own brilliance and learning. Even offering to buy the beer doesn't save know-alls from being boring rhetorical whores and vacuous mouthpieces. Remember! Later, we will be eventually stalked and devoured by the beast of Time - flex sheets, billable hours, working obligations. But now, we have Time - and beer, and good company and conversation aplenty. This is to be fucking cherished.

Unfortunately I may reside on the dimmer side of bright, or perhaps I am just visibly lazy. It seems, however, that I am never quite up to the pile of books, delicious books, that are continuously awaiting my stunted attention. It is quite pathetic to have a library borrowing record that resembles Skase's business practices, and have actually read so fucking few books.

Pretentious and pontifical sounding crap aside, I have recently had the revelation of 'talking books'. I rediscovered these gems on a solo car trip back to Victoria. The Great Philosophers: Aristotle and Plato. It was the dumbed down version - for me, brain wrenching stuff. Narrated by Charlton Heston, it seemed as if 'God' himself was espousing the ideas of the great philosophers. It took me five hours to listen to one. But it was a helluva lot more than I would have achieved trying to churn through some turgid tract in the spare moments I never seem to have.

There is a downside however. Listen to them for too long and the silent communication of word and mind may be overtaken by the voice of 'God' reading the bloody Canberra Times to you on a Sunday morning at Tilley's. This rant is completely inconsistent, but that is to be expected from someone who just listened to nine hours of Hollywood Wives by Jackie Collins on tape. The only thing scarier than 'God' reading the Canberra Times to you, is having the voice of a camp sounding yank in your head, reading all the female quotes softly to you in the glorious tones of drag queen. Message? Uni - good. Reading - good. No time? Talking Book. Make Time - Drink beer. Talk Smack - good.

An Incomplete Guide to Howard Bios

By Patchy

For a man who has so completely dominated Australian politics for ten years, relatively little has been written about John Howard. This could possibly be due to the fact that, quite frankly, the man is boring. The naked, stooped and overweight 86 year old water aerobics guru who spent five minutes telling me about her electric scooter in the changerooms the other day, I suspect, would have more interesting stories. But if you ever want to understand his policies, it would help, to understand the man.

A Howard Government?: Inside the Coalition - Gerard Henderson

Not really a bio, though it does have a very little one in it that is good for a quick absorption of facts. Written in 1995, it is interesting in the sense that it is quite a short musing about the possibility of a Howard Government winning the 1996 election.

John Howard, Prime Minister - David Barnett with Pru Goward

The closest to an official bio, this book is not to be read in bed, in case you fall asleep reading it and it drops onto your head and kills you. Death by Howard, not a pleasant thought. Jammed with facts, quite extensive in length, and sympathetic to their subject (how much so depends on whatever credence you give to Canberra's bitchy political gossip) it is not the authors' fault that the subject really is mundane.

The Opportunist: John Howard and the Triumph of Reaction - Guy Rundle

A polemic against the way he perceives that Howard has manipulated and succeeded as a politician and policy maker. Focused on the boatpeople incidents, Rundle makes a cogent and interesting argument.

The Howard Government - edited by Gwynneth Singleton
Fairly textbook, but having various essays always makes it a bit more reader friendly.

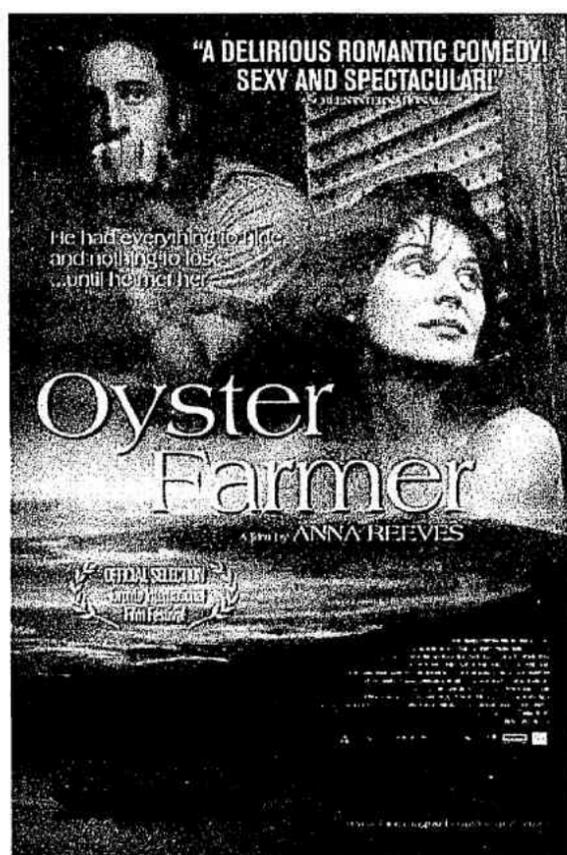
The Howard years - edited by Robert Manne

The little rally from the left, led by Manne and Tony Kevin, that attempted to convince people before the last election that Howard was a very bad man, and should not be voted for again. It is one of the better reads, if for nothing else, than Mungo's biting description of Howard as having 'the breadth of vision of a blindworm and the imagination of a damp lettuce'. There is also a good chapter by Brett that tries to pindown the Howard ideology.

Film

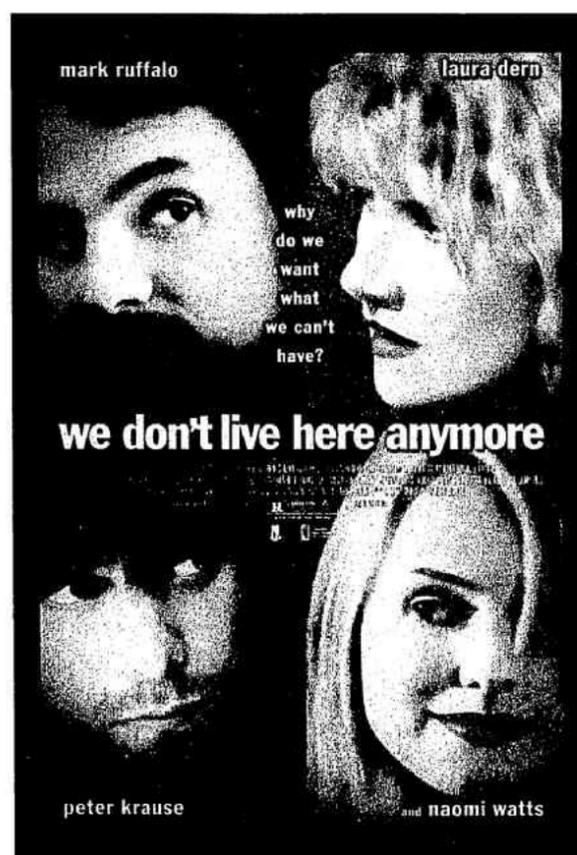
The Oyster Farmer
Reviewed by Rouslun Churches
Seen at Greater Union Manuka

Uh oh - another movie about life in rural Oz. There is an intangible something about scrub, dirt, sun, brown water and open spaces that perpetually draws filmmakers to the Australian sticks. These bush yarns must be questioned: would critics be acclaiming this feature if its plot and characters were set in Ramsey Street, Fountain Gate? Frequently the reply is "no". Why then do audiences idealise the bush as a magical place where otherwise ordinary characters become interesting and bland relationships become poignant commentary on the human condition? Director Anna Reeves' *The Oyster Farmer* has been generally received with enthusiasm by Australian critics. The film does, to its credit, show the beauty of its setting through many a landscape and birds-eye view of the river and mangrove bush. The plot involves a young guy Jack who gets a job on the river with an oyster farming family to help support his disabled sister. The oyster farming communities are populated by quirky characters who often find themselves living there as an escape from something in the wider world. Out of desperation, Jack robs an armoured car at the oyster market and mails the stolen cash to himself. This provides the film's central point of plot tension as his parcel never turns up and Jack, while getting to know the people on the farms, begins to suspect a number of them of mistakenly receiving his money. *The Oyster Farmer* does manage to make this rural life likeable and at times interesting, however the story suffers from weak structure and facile characterisation at times. Notably various subplots, superficially treated, fizzle out into obscurity, and key characters' motivations lack credibility. Not for the first time, as I left my seat in the theatre, I speculated whether this film would have received so much as a fleeting sidelong glance from reviewers had it not been an Australian film.



We Don't Live Here Anymore
Reviewed by Chloe Persing
Seen at Nova Cinemas, North Melbourne

There are moments when I like to feign a sort of cultural elitism and a general middle-class snobbery – one that seems to become Canberran students after a certain point in their university degrees, when curling up with the bladder of a goon cask in front of the television just doesn't cut it. It's one where you attend films at a strictly 'arthouse' cinema complex on Lygon Street and order your Chai tea with soy milk 'infused'. However this sort of pedestrian Art student wankery does not sit well with the fact that the previous night was spent watching the final of *The OC* and engaging in drunken conversation at some bar on Brunswick Street. But that is neither here nor there, just a wordy and pointless introduction to a review I felt ambivalent about writing. *We Don't Live Here Anymore* is the story of the disintegration of two couples living in a college town in the Pacific Northwest. Within the first few scenes, the theme of infidelity emerges as a sort of partner swap entails. As the story unfolds, we find that Mark Ruffalo's character Jack has been bumping uglies with Naomi Watt's character Edith, while Jack's wife Terry, played by Laura Dern, gets her mack on with Edith's husband Hank, played by Peter Krause. In this sense, the film has been compared to *Closer* in that it dissects the breakdown and infidelity of two relationships. However, while I think the comparison is plausible, particularly in regards to the theme of infidelity, I think *Closer* had the intention of exploring and showing how ugly and vile people truly are, whereas I feel *We Don't Live Here Anymore* has explored the idea of remorse and redemption. I enjoyed the film to a certain extent (the scenery of the Pacific Northwest is often amazing), however as I exited the cinema, all I could think was that marriage is the last relationship I could possibly want to enter into.



Film

Sin City

Directed by Robert Rodriguez and Frank Miller

Reviewed by Megan McKeough

When I first heard the term "made almost entirely with green screen," my stomach turned. My nose crinkled in disgust. I had horrifying flashbacks of *Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow*, a movie that not even the combined power of Jude and Angelina could save. Luckily, in stark contrast to that, *Sin City* is a vision in black and white; a glorious expedition in film technique and with an interesting storyline to boot. The use of green screen to create the black and white images from the graphic novel of the same name, is both engaging and quite beautiful at times, and manages to create the roughness of the city as well as providing some wonderful shots. The mixture of the film noir style, the out and out violence and strategic touches of important colour here and there (blood, eyes, hair) all manage to work perfectly. A bit of a cult venture, *Sin City* tracks three different stories which all take place in Basin City, a dark and immoral place where everything from the clergy to the police are corrupt. It isn't warm and fuzzy subject matter, but some of the cheesy dialogue provides a laugh. Jam-packed with stars, much of *Sin City's* cast (including Elijah Wood, Mickey Rourke, Jessica Alba and Bruce Willis) all work well in their roles, except a few which grated on me, such as Brittany Murphy. Tarantino guest directed a scene (for the fee of a dollar), and Miller's co-direction means the movie is pretty faithful to the original stories, and the comic book style really shows through effectively. You'll laugh, you'll cry; you'll cringe. Definitely expect violence - I didn't and I was taken off guard by the hands-on goriness of the movie, which all serves a purpose but doesn't make chowing down on your popcorn any easier. Dark, gritty and full of interesting, multi-faceted characters, *Sin City* sucks you in and spits you back out a little disorientated, but pleased. At risk of sounding like a geek, *Sin City* is really just - cool.



Want to write film reviews for Woroni? Knock out between 300 to 400 words and send it to us at: woroni@anu.edu.au with 'film' clearly displayed in the subject line.

9 Songs

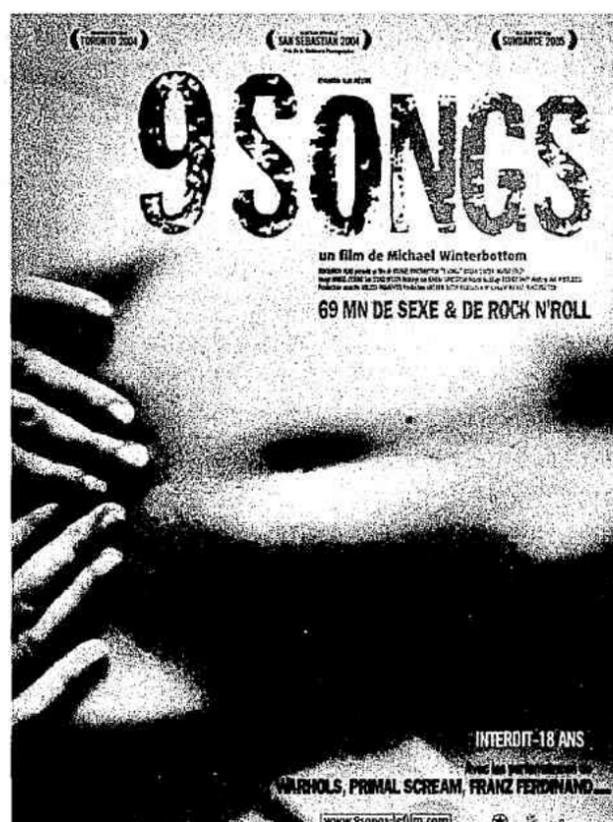
Reviewed by Penny Lane

Seen at Electric Shadows

9 Songs was shit.

There was real sex, there was live music - you would think it would be a glorious night out at the cinema. But, sadly, despite all the hooplah *9 Songs* created over the use of 'real sexual acts', this film was neither engaging, well-made or deserving of the attention. The musical performances were originally a draw card too - live concert excerpts from Franz Ferdinand, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club and the Dandy Warhols, among others. These were intended to break up the rooting and provide some sort of segue between the girl pissing me off and the guy pissing me off. There was one or two all right scenes which could pass for emotional, but mostly I felt a little odd watching someone go "fuck me, fuck me" while two ma and pa types were sitting behind me discussing the female character's use of fetish-style boots.

I wanted to like *9 Songs*, the pretentious wank in me really did, but the characters and the movie as a whole wouldn't let me. It's not the worst movie in the world, but I felt a little like it wasted my time. I can understand Winterbottom's point though, what he's trying to achieve. Map out a couple's relationship, their differences, through sexuality and private sexual encounters. But it just didn't work, and could have been done a lot better. All in all, I give *9 Songs* nine gongs.

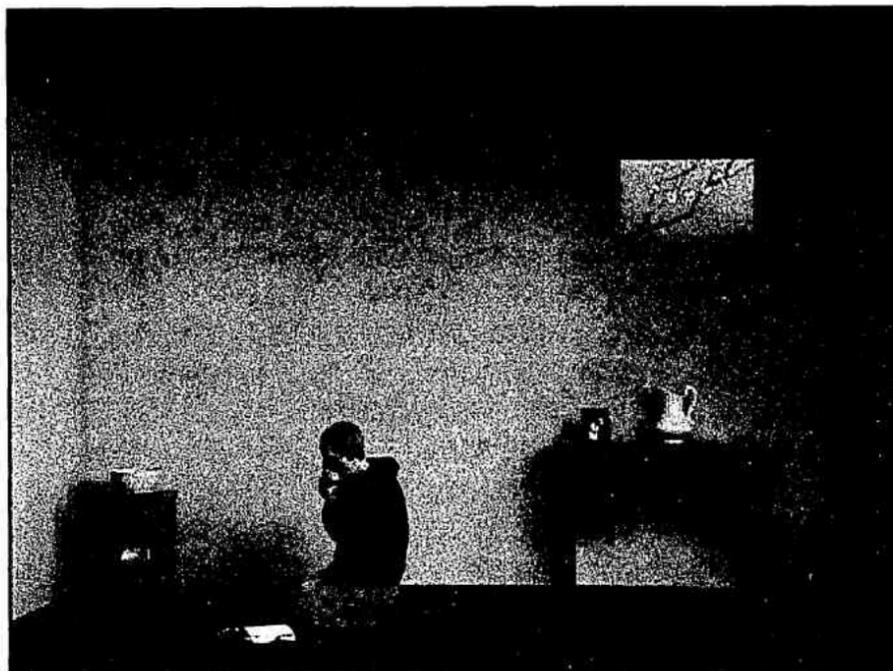


Art and Photography

Art Report

By Sarah Firth

"As the viewer moves through the space, the presence of their body triggers a program that randomly spurts out sentences comprised of words taken from nursery rhymes and TV shows, creating something akin to fridge magnet poetry."



Catherine's Room, Bill Viola, 2001
The Passions is being shown at the NGA

The Front, a new gallery established by Rose Osborne and Paul Jamieson, was opened by Andrew Sayers of the National Portrait Gallery on the 8th of July. This intriguing little gallery is nestled in the old bakery space just down from Tilley's Divine Café, at shop 1-2 Wattle Street Lyneham. It was the perfect night for an opening with blisteringly cold wind, sheeting rain, a severe lack of parking spots followed by a leak in the gallery roof. Despite this, the space was buzzing with people talking, drinking and trying to navigate around each other to see the works. A selection of print, painting and sculpture was shown by Jo Howard, Geoff Farquhar-Still, Julian Laffan, Michael Pfahl, Bernie Slater, Inger Morrissey, Lochlan Dibden and Matthew Harding, with an additional impromptu performance on the piano by Rose's little boy Felix.

Two shows are now on at the National Gallery of Australia that are definitely worth seeing; as long as you can scrounge the ten dollars you'll need to get a ticket. There is the National Sculpture Prize which I blabbed on about in the last Woroni issue, which is very interesting, and just opened is Bill Viola's: *The Passions*. The Sculpture Prize is on until the 9th of October and *The Passions* finishes on the 6th of November. Bill Viola is an American based new media artist who has been producing his art since the 70s. He works with music and performance but is best known for his video installations. The running theme in his expansive body of work is the exploration of the inner landscape of consciousness and perception. This particular project, *The Passions*, explores the extreme emotional states. The inspiration for this work came from time spent as a visiting Scholar at the Getty Research Institute back in 1998, where he studied the representation of emotion in the history of art, particularly religious art. The slow-motion and reversal techniques that he uses in this exhibition, render each work in a bizarre state of having the contemplative presence of a painting, but at the same time the breathing and flowing nature of a performance. Time and space are

compressed in the works, as is the viewing process which becomes slow and reflective. The exhibition layout and lighting were very effective; I found it quite meditative moving around the passageways of the exhibition in almost total darkness. The sense of solitude this created, despite the gallery being full of other viewers, made the works all the more potent and made me feel much more at ease to emotionally engage with the subject matter. There were many moving and technically impressive works in this exhibition, but I was particularly caught by the piece titled *Surrender*, however my absolute favorite work in this show was the sound and video installation, *Five Angels for the Millennia*. I was so emotionally provoked by the luscious booming audio and stunning, deep, watery visuals that I found it hard to leave the room. Both of these works focus on Bill's frequent use of water as a metaphor for death and resurrection. I found this exhibition to be very inspiring and cathartic, and I plan to see it a few more times, but I do know a few folk who didn't like it at all, mainly because of Bill's style and the fact that it is emotionally manipulative, wallowing in the depth and complexity of grief, despair and agony.

Jay Kochel's exhibition, *Lingoplasty*, finished last weekend at CCAS in Manuka. Jay created two huge speaking objects out of laminations of cardboard (that looked somewhat like wafer biscuits or perhaps sandstone), their acorn-like shape modeled on the computer. The giant cups with large speakers in their bellies rested either side of the gallery. As the viewer moves through the space, the presence of their body triggers a program that randomly spurts out sentences comprised of words taken from nursery rhymes and TV shows, creating something akin to fridge magnet poetry. I really enjoyed this exhibition and from what I have seen of Jay's other work he has a beautifully crafted and quirky, perhaps even silly, sensibility to his work which is really refreshing to see.

Comic

By Sarah Firth

A Life of Protest



WE KNOW WHAT YOU WANT.

COMICS, TOYS, T-SHIRTS &
FUN STUFF
AT
IMPACT COMICS.



**IMPACT
COMICS!**
civic bus
interchange

The Adventures of Woroni Man

Episode 3: 'Invigoration'

By Mark Bryan

Last episode:

We saw the ANU engulfed in a mass absence of hysteria. The students chose neither to accept nor reject the Baron's offer to remove their brains and grant them genuine variety of choice. We resume as Woroni Man looks on quietly...

A gust of wind came whistling through Union court. It teased the moustache of Baron Von Ubervamp, diverted slightly the flight of a hacki-sack, rustled through the matted hair of Malcolm the angry unwashed Socialist (thereby accelerating the evolution of numerous quasi-intelligent microorganisms) before passing gently over the world-weary features of Woroni Man.

Woroni Man sighed and peered down at the eye-catching, snappily designed pamphlet that one of the SAC robots had just handed him.

'Hey Students! It's your choice!' the front page informed him with grotesquely fresh and funky exuberance. There followed a sizeable wad of pages filled with a daunting fuzz of tiny printed words and corresponding numbers. It was a price list. A terrifyingly extensive price list. Flicking through, Woroni Man noted that the more expensive items were set out at the front: 'Medical Degree, Engineering Degree, Law degree: \$75 million', it read. Other degrees were scattered around at similar expense, but further down the list a number of more curious items appeared. Under the sub-heading: 'Complex Cerebral experiences' were such things as: 'Conversing about Quantum Mechanics' and 'Attempting to lodge a claim with Centrelink', both with a price-tag of over \$10 million. Even further down were listed the less quantifiable – and hence less important – sensations such as 'trust', 'fiery romantic passion' and 'drunken Karaoke'. They cost \$1.2, \$2.7 and \$9 million respectively. The quietly nauseous feeling you get when sitting down on a warm public toilet seat cost a measly \$78,000.

Curious, Woroni Man flicked to the back of the pamphlet, seeking out the cheapest item of all. He found the page. He trailed his finger down the list. He saw it.

'Oh dear,' he thought. 'This isn't going to go down well with ...'

The wincingly loud squeal of an amplifier echoed around the court followed by the self-assured hem-hemming of Baron Von Ubervamp.

'Students, students, may I have your attention,' he hollered into a shiny microphone. 'You have spurned me, students! I have offered you the blessings of choice and in return I have received not gratitude but indifference. But I don't blame you. Ha, ha, oh no, I don't blame you at all.'

He leaned casually against one of the robots as if it were a

jazz piano or a celebrity footballer.

'If anything, this cold reception is the truest sign of just how much you need me. You have chosen not to accept my gift because you have lost the capacity to choose. Unsolicited junk-sensations have filled your brains and denied you that power!'

He swung his arm in a wide arc, presumably pointing out all the nefarious interloping sensations.

'Whilst I cannot supply you all with new electronic brains – yet – I can eliminate the brazen phenomena that are costing you so many precious brain cells. I will give you real choice, whether you want it or not ...'

'Oi!'

The Baron paused irritably and scanned the crowd for the source of this disturbance. One of the hacki-sackers was holding the pamphlet tightly in his fist and waving it aggressively.

'Ah,' thought Woroni Man, 'they've found it.'

'What the hell is this about?' demanded the hacki-sacker, stabbing at a page in the pamphlet. 'Seventy five cents! It says here that an Arts Degree costs seventy five cents! You small-minded, mechanical, number-crunching pig! Where do you get off ...'

'My dear boy, please let me explain,' interrupted the Baron earnestly. 'I fully appreciate that you're upset at the situation. Believe me, I am too. But my accountant assures me that there is nothing to worry about, the price is bound to fall in a year or two.'

And with that the Baron abandoned the hacki-sacker to incredulous silence and skipped lightly around behind the four SAC robots who had positioned themselves in neat formation. Methodically he began to plug his Eftpos machine into the left bumcheek of each robot. Sidling in for a closer look Woroni Man noticed that beside the left bumcheek socket there were a couple of right bumcheek slots. One was labeled 'notes' and the other 'coins'.

'Go now!' said the Baron, 'and bring the wonder of choice to these poor, ignorant students.'

Three of the SAC robots fanned out across Union Court while the gold robot remained close to the Baron. Watching carefully, Woroni Man saw the red robot approach the hacki-sackers.

'Is this hacki-sack invading your sensory field?' it demanded.

Still reeling from their brief conversation with the Baron, the hacki-sackers took a moment to articulate their response. 'Er...' one of them said finally. The others nodded in agreement.

'I am SAC3000 mightiest of the mighty! I am authorized to eliminate all unsolicited sensory invasions. Have you chosen to experience this hacki-sack?'

'Um... yeah.'

'Oh,' said the robot, 'really?' It drooped a little and looked around. Then suddenly it brightened. 'Do you have a receipt?'

Meanwhile on the other side of Union Court, not far from the carefully observant Woroni Man, another unusual incident was underway. The black SAC robot was making its way towards an odd pair of students. A dark haired girl was trying desperately to extricate herself from a conversation that appeared to have gripped her like an Imperial tractor beam. The source of the tractor beam was an intense young man whose disheveled hair and groovy corduroy trousers conspicuously failed to hide the clean-cut BMW driver that lurked within.

'The way I see it,' he enthused, 'it's not about church or Jesus or anything... well it is about Jesus, but it's not about going to church. Now, at my church... hey is that one of those sun-dried tomato scrolls? I love those.' Without the slightest warning he snatched a delicious looking, rapidly cooling, pastry right out of the poor girl's hands. 'See now that illustrates the point perfectly. The bread is symbolic of Jesus' body...'

'Is this sun-dried tomato scroll invading your sensory field?'

The two students jumped at the sight of the looming black robot.

'What?' said the girl.

'A receipt?' queried the hacki-sacker. 'I don't know, piss off.'

There was a hiss of released air pressure and in a series of thudding telescopic movements a gargantuan, cannon-like conglomeration of armaments flipped out from the red robot's back and locked into place upon its left arm.

'!' said the hacki-sackers in unison. '!' !'

The robot lowered its weapon so that a formidable shadow engulfed the tiny hacki-sack as it cowered upon the grass.

'Wait, wait, wait!' someone shrieked. 'I do have the receipt! I only bought the thing the other day, let me check my purse.' The air was filled temporarily with a blizzard of white paper before a loud cry of: 'here it is!'

A beam of red light reached out and scanned the thing.

'Choice confirmed,' said the robot sulkily. It dug a heel into the grass then paused.

'Is this grass invading your sensory field?' it asked.

'Of course I don't have a receipt,' said the girl, 'It's a sun-dried tomato scroll. Jesus!'

'Hey,' said the groovy guy, 'there's no need to bring Jesus into it - he's already here.'

'You have been deprived of genuine choice. Your sensory field has been invaded. I will now neutralize the invasion.' Woroni Man watched in horror as the robot's hand folded inwards to be replaced by a long, glittering blade. Before he could cry out the blade sang through the air and

a second later the sun-dried tomato scroll was lying on the ground. There was a fleeting moment of hope as all those who looked on realized that the blade had not in fact touched the savoury treat but had merely passed through the forearm of the clean-cut groovy guy. But the hope was short lived. The robot crushed the scroll - and the now useless fingers of the groovy guy - beneath its ruthless metal foot. Screams rose up around the court but were drowned out almost immediately by a fiery explosion that rocketed smoking chunks of lawn into the air in all directions.

'Rejoice!' cackled the Baron, 'I shall give you a clean slate! You shall be reborn anew!' He flung his arms skyward and as he did so a nearby tree erupted in flames and likewise threw its scarlet limbs into the air.

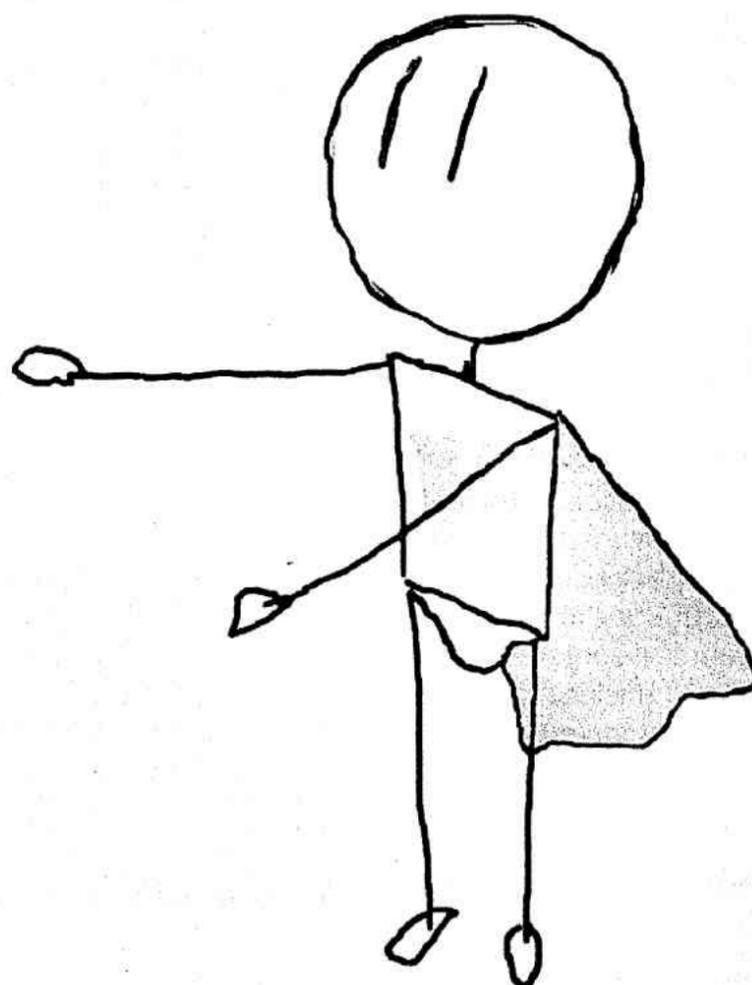
Smoke billowed out across the panicking crowd; screams were choked, friends were divided. Once bright and sophisticated students were reduced to flickering shadows that fled in random directions or fell hard against the blackening concrete.

Some, like Malcolm, ran bravely forward to help those who had been victims of the robots. They dragged the hacki-sackers into the open air; they pushed onwards despite the distracting wails of the dismembered groovy guy and strove bravely to rescue any last vestige of the sun-dried tomato scroll. But none could be found.

'I love those sun-dried thingies' they said passionately. 'I think this Baron guy might have gone a bit too far.'

But a short distance away, somewhat sheltered from the chaos, Woroni Man looked on with eyes glowing blue and did nothing.

Will our hero look on silently as the uni goes up in flames? Will the tragic demise of the sun-dried tomato scroll spur the students to action? And helloooooo: toasted sandwich maker? Stay tuned for the next edifying episode of Woroni Man...



Law and Justice in the United States

By Jeremy Farrell

The United States Supreme Court is once again set to become a battleground for the political, cultural and social agendas of the internally conflicted democracy that is America. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, the long time swing vote on the bench, is retiring, and conservative Chief Justice Rhenquist is expected to follow shortly. Decisions made by the Supreme Court have great impact on the political, social and cultural landscapes of the US, so everyone, from lobby groups to politicians, have a powerful vested interest in ensuring that new appointees to the Court represent their interests, and they are jostling to see that that happens. The new appointments represent a chance to overturn decisions these parties disapprove of, to shift the tenuous balance of the scales of justice.

Lurking behind this dispute is *Roe v Wade*, the case that enshrined Americans' right to an abortion. Libertarians, conservatives, pro-lifers and strict constructionists are uneasy bedfellows in an effort to finally undo the case, or if it is too late, then at least to eradicate the type of principles that allowed legal precedents like it to come into being. On the other side, liberals, feminists, Socialists and judicial activists are trying to maintain the judicial creationism on the bench that led to cases like *Roe* and to preserve previous victories.

In a complete debate about the role of law, the following question must arise: should courts adopt an active role in shaping social policy? Or should they strive to be places of interpretation, ever faithful to legislative intention? Robert Bork, an unsuccessful nominee for the position of Supreme Court judge, wrote in his book *The Temptation of America*, about the dangers of the judiciary attempting to legislate from the bench. Bork explained that the balancing act one must consider before endorsing cases like *Roe* was not one of adaptation versus constancy, but a question of who should do the adapting, the Supreme Court or the elected representatives of the people?

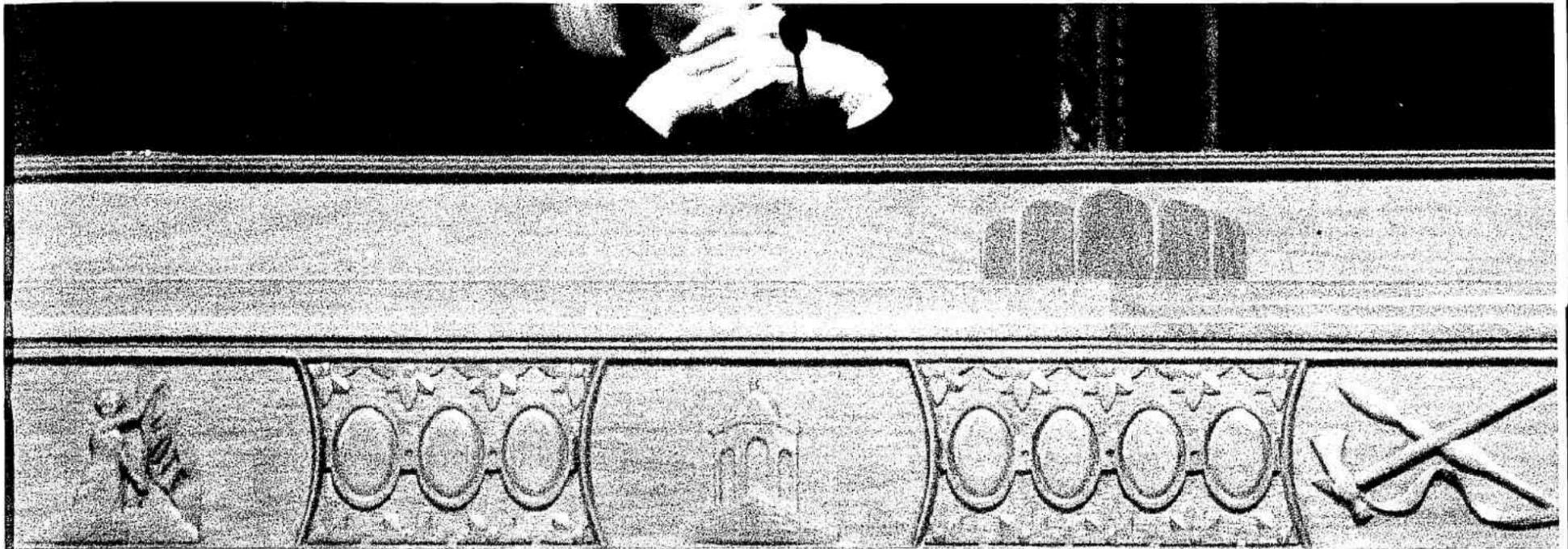
Roe is a complicated case, but there are few respected

legal commentators who will not concede that, "rightness" aside, the case's legal basis was shaky at best. The decision was also not as popular at the time as it is today, but then neither was *Brown v Board of Education*. In that case the Court was able to provide legitimacy for the Civil Rights movement in America, and help to end the morally abhorrent policy of segregation. Many supporters of a judicially active court ask why the Court should worry about technicalities when it can create good results (as an aside, Robert Bork believes the decision in *Brown* could have been easily achieved under theories of Strict Legalism). They argue that we should not be governed by the values of past generations, but be free to modernise outdated laws. Furthermore, courts have wide scope for interpretation, and we should not be afraid to interpret those gaps liberally. As for objections about the dangers of mixing politics and law, proponents of judicial activism argue that Judges who interpret the Constitution make inherently political decisions anyway, especially when they decide cases between the federal and state governments.

On the surface this sort of justification appears like common sense. Surely the point of Judges, and indeed of the law, is to do what is "right". However, when analysed in more detail, there are numerous problems with such a simplistic analysis of the law.

Firstly, the whole notion that judges should do what is "right" is fraught with practical difficulties. There is no unified conception of rightness in any given circumstances, if there were then judges would be unnecessary, we might simply replace them with machines to dispense justice according to objective values. Nor can we apply "majority values" in a system of diffused governmental powers without doing irreparable harm to minority interests. In actuality, the proponents of judicial activism are least supportive of this logic anyway, as the whole thrust of judicial intervention is often to protect minorities, as happened in *Brown*.

Leaving these difficulties for a moment, advocates of ju-



dicial intervention, like Lawrence Tribe, argue that although the task of determining a just path may be difficult, we should attempt it anyway, in the name of social good. But what is an appropriate form of "social change"? Tribe seems to concede that it is neither objective nor majoritarian. So from where is this societal concept of justice derived? And what makes a majority of nine senior citizens with ivy school backgrounds qualified to find it? It is hard to understand how the typical rich, well-educated, white, elderly male Judge is in any way representative of the community whose values they purport to represent.

The second justification is no more logical than the first. It is the notion that as an adapting society, our laws and Constitution should move with the times to reflect the changes within society. Segregation and homosexuality, for example, are viewed differently now to how they were viewed by those who framed the Constitution, and the Constitution should change in line with those value shifts. Bork notes "[This] question is never asked about the main body of the Constitution. Nor is the question ever asked about the validity of the Sherman Act of 1890, the National Bank Act of 1864, the precedents of the Supreme Court, or ancient contracts or trusts. Instead the question is asked only about those amendments to the Constitution that guarantee individual rights."

One theory in vogue for adapting the Constitution is that its words should be interpreted in a modern day context. For example, the Australian High Court has construed the Federal government power of "transportation" as covering forms of transport like Aviation, even though at the time of Federation there was no such industry. Bork agrees that, "No doubt there is a spectrum along which the adjustments of doctrine to take account of new social, technological, and legal developments may gradually become so great as to amount to the creation of a new principle. But that observation notes a danger; it does not justify letting the process slide out of control." However cases like *Roe* are not justifiable even under this form of analysis, there is

simply no intelligent way to view the words given as creating a right to abortion, or to privacy. These principals are simply inventions of the judiciary.

There is also the argument that the Judiciary is already inherently political, and therefore should not be hesitant to interfere, assuming we can find this "just" result. For example, the Court often has to pass judgment on issues of free speech, electoral laws and boundaries, matters that have clear political consequences. This argument misunderstands a fundamental distinction. Decisions may have political consequences, but they should not have political intentions, because that is the role of the Legislature.

If Judges do make political decisions, they won't necessarily be of a democratic timbre. Former US justice Brennan for example always voted against the death penalty. He conceded that his view was not consistent with the majority of Americans at the time, but simply believed that the penalty was "against human dignity." The position of such a judge who makes himself a legislator is philosophically problematic. He concedes that he is not implementing the people's will, but nor is he confining himself to the intention behind the laws, his decision comes from his personal predilection. What can such a judge say to the (assumedly conservative) Court that does not share his morality? Nothing. He must either accept judicial activism when it works against decisions he wants, which he will not, or he must admit the Court has no legitimacy as a political institution. This must inevitably harm the Court.

Since *Roe*, the political pressure on the United States' Supreme Court has increased. Interest groups protest, send letters and campaign to put pressure on their elected representatives to vote for new judges who support their morality. The nomination procedure has become politicised, and this harms the legitimacy of the Court, brewing dangerously the mixture of law and politics once more.

Internal University Campaigns and VSU

By Louise Crossman, ANUSA Education Officer

The campaign against Voluntary Student Unionism run so far by the ANU Students' Association, the NUS and on other Australian campuses has so far focussed on the services arguments against VSU. That is, most of the campaign has, to date, highlighted the potential loss of student services, student clubs and student facilities. While these are all exceptionally important parts of university life, the student movement is running the risk of undermining the importance of the political functions of student organisations.

These political functions are as varied and diverse as the students who attend university in Australia. Political campaigns include representing student views on parking, printing and campus safety to various university boards, as well as the more obvious campaigns against government policies. While expressing the views of ordinary students to the University Council can be seen by many students as a legitimate function of a student organisation, the Government sees this expression as an unnecessary element of student life.

These internal student campaigns are rarely about HECS increases or the introduction of VSU itself. ANUSA has, in the last few years, campaigned for more and cheaper parking, greater safety for students on campus at night, longer library opening hours, a guarantee on accommodation, and to have a quota installed for printing rather than a complete pay-as-you-go system. Many students would view these campaigns as promoting issues that affect most of them. However, all of these campaigns would be considered by the current government to be imposing the political views of a student minority onto the University Council.

One of the great dangers of the VSU legislation is that ANUSA, and other similar representative bodies across the country, may lose their recognition as the legitimate student representative body from the University administration. If this recognition is lost, then the ability for the ANUSA President to sit on the University Council, and other representatives to sit on other councils (for example, Faculty Representatives sitting on various Faculty boards), is jeopardised. Students hence risk losing one of their only means of communicating their views to their University's administration.

The National Union of Students provides similar functions. A campaign that has been running for years at the national level is that of a 'liveable income' for students. Whether this income is from Centrelink or from paid employment, the NUS has been arguing for years that students should have enough money to be able to study effectively, and not have their study jeopardised by the amount of work that they are doing.

The campaigns with more conventionally political agendas such as those against increases in HECS and now Voluntary Student Unionism, are also vital functions of student organisations, and crucial to campus life. While not all students may agree with the position taken by ANUSA or the NUS, it is undeniable that without such organisations, it would be virtually impossible for the views of any students to make it into the public sphere. These large political campaigns, often involving long and protracted campaigning, rely on the resources and co-ordination of the NUS to be implemented at a campus level. It is in this area that the co-existence of the NUS and campus organisations are vital to the success of any movement.

Student organisations are some of the most democratic organisations in the world. Every student has the right to vote and stand in student elections, thus those that disagree with the direction taken by the current make-up of ANUSA have the opportunity to influence the future direction through regular student elections. Students also have a great deal of control over how their money is spent. Student organisations are also extremely transparent and office bearers accountable as all students have membership rights and thus the ability to request information.

Student political campaigns costs the ordinary student very little money. Remember, at the ANU, your General Services Fee is split between a number of bodies, and most of them do not play any kind of political role on campus. Further, the politics that ANUSA and the NUS does engage in can often be viewed as merely addressing concerns that affect almost all students.

The attempt to silence criticism from students is worrying for higher education in the future. That the government plans to introduce VSU early in its term suggests to me that they are planning greater changes to higher education, and want to remove any voice of dissent.



What Does Voting Achieve?

Aparna Rao discusses why voting in your student elections is an important and valuable thing to do

Disclaimer: yes, I ran on the Independent ticket last year, and yes, I support this year's Independents. Please be aware of this. But please also be aware that my main purpose here as President is to get you to vote – just vote. Not for anyone in particular.

A description of each position is on our website (<http://sa.anu.edu.au>). Positions include the five Executive members (who run the Association on a daily basis), the policy-makers (General Representatives), Faculty Representatives, Department Officers, and Woroni Editors. It's worth reading about the responsibilities of each.

The 'V' word.

There are many students who ask the following types of questions. 'Why should I vote? I don't know anyone running.' 'You're all the same, aren't you? What's the point?' 'I don't get anything from my Students' Association – why should I vote?' 'I don't know what ANUSA does. How can I vote for someone to run it?'

You don't need to know the people running – you just need to have read their policy and observed their behaviour, just as you would in a federal election where you don't personally know candidates. We're not all the same: we have our own values, reasons for running, and we're all different people.

Each of you gets at least one thing from your Students' Association: representation. Not necessarily political representation, but student representation on committees, boards and councils of the Uni. When we advocate against putting a bus route through Union Court, against increasing HECS, or for bigger printing quotas, everyone benefits.

And if you don't know what ANUSA does: ask someone, perhaps a candidate. Their answer might influence the way you vote.

So, those are some answers to the reasons given for not voting. Here are my reasons why you should vote.

You're a member of the Students' Association

This year all undergraduate students became members of ANUSA when they paid their GSF. Although this may change if Voluntary Student Unionism comes in, that won't affect these elections.

Someone is going to win the election. If you don't vote, you'll have had no say in who that person is. Yet they will represent you.

Even if VSU comes in, the people elected this year will still be representing the interests of undergraduate students at the ANU. If you choose not to be a member of ANUSA, you simply don't avail yourself of the services we provide. The President of ANUSA will still be considered to speak for ANU students. Don't let them do this without taking account of your opinions – without having to rely on your vote.

The people you elect do some important things

For example, when you elect the President, you also elect your undergraduate representative on the University's governing body. This isn't something we force you to do – Federal legislation requires you elect a student to represent you on the University Council. If you care at all about the ANU you'll think very carefully about which presidential candidate you want to have the legal and financial responsibility of being a director of the ANU. If you don't care, you won't vote – but don't complain if the University doesn't do what you want.

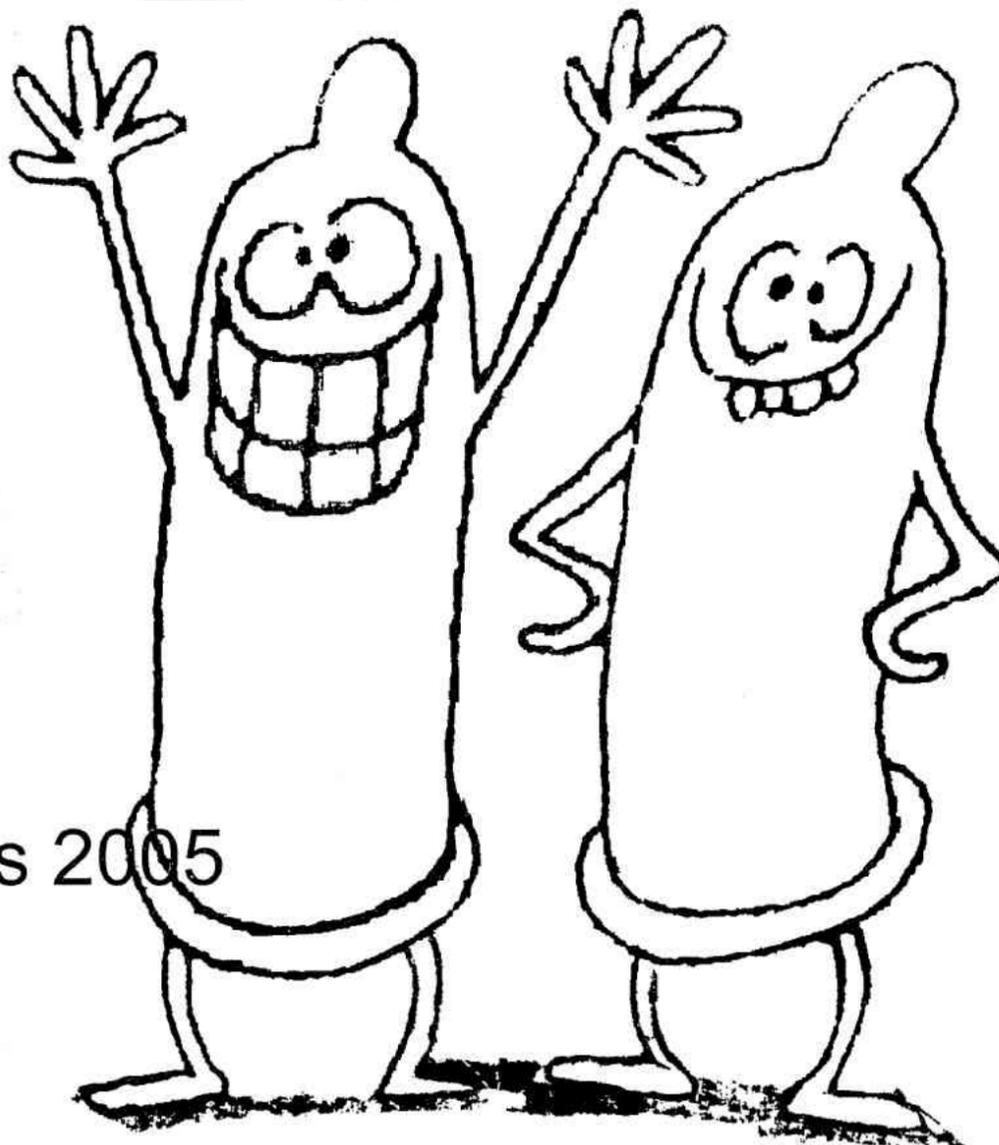
The President also sits on appeals panels – deciding whether you get a review of your mark or whether you are disciplined for breaking University rules. Do you want someone sensible and compassionate on these panels?

You'll be able to answer all those people asking you to vote – with a genuine answer. 'I've already voted' feels better than saying 'No, thanks', as though you're refusing an extra biscuit; or saying 'No' as though the person in front of you isn't really human. Sure, these candidates have chosen to do this and put themselves in front of you – but it doesn't take that much for you to be polite!

Finally, your vote does count

Last year's election for President was decided by one vote. If you thought your vote didn't matter, think again. While it took me time to recover from the election experience, I think the fact that it came down to the views of just a few students showed me how important my job would be. Provided campaigns are conducted fairly and honestly, a well-contested election is the best way of making the President accountable to the students. So make sure you vote.

ANUSA



Queer Collaborations 2005

By Any Other Name

QC was fabulous. It was great fun, I learned heaps about queer issues (and bondage!), and I loved being surrounded by so many rad queers. But there was one thing that really rubbed me the wrong way, and that was the definition of the word queer that was agreed upon at the end of the conference. Considering the number of times gay organisations have fucked over bisexuals for not being "gay enough," and the number of times that queer student organisations have been taken over by hostile heterosexuals, it is kind of important to get it right.

So what is queer, anyway?

First, the obvious: queer is gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered, intersexed. But that's not enough, because there's no end to the ways someone might fall outside all of those categories and still be queer as a three dollar bill. If you don't believe me, go rent *Hedwig And The Angry Inch* and try to figure out what Hedy becomes in the end. That's an extreme example, but I have met people whose sexual and gender identities are too messed-up or just too gosh-darned PoMo to fit into neat little boxes.

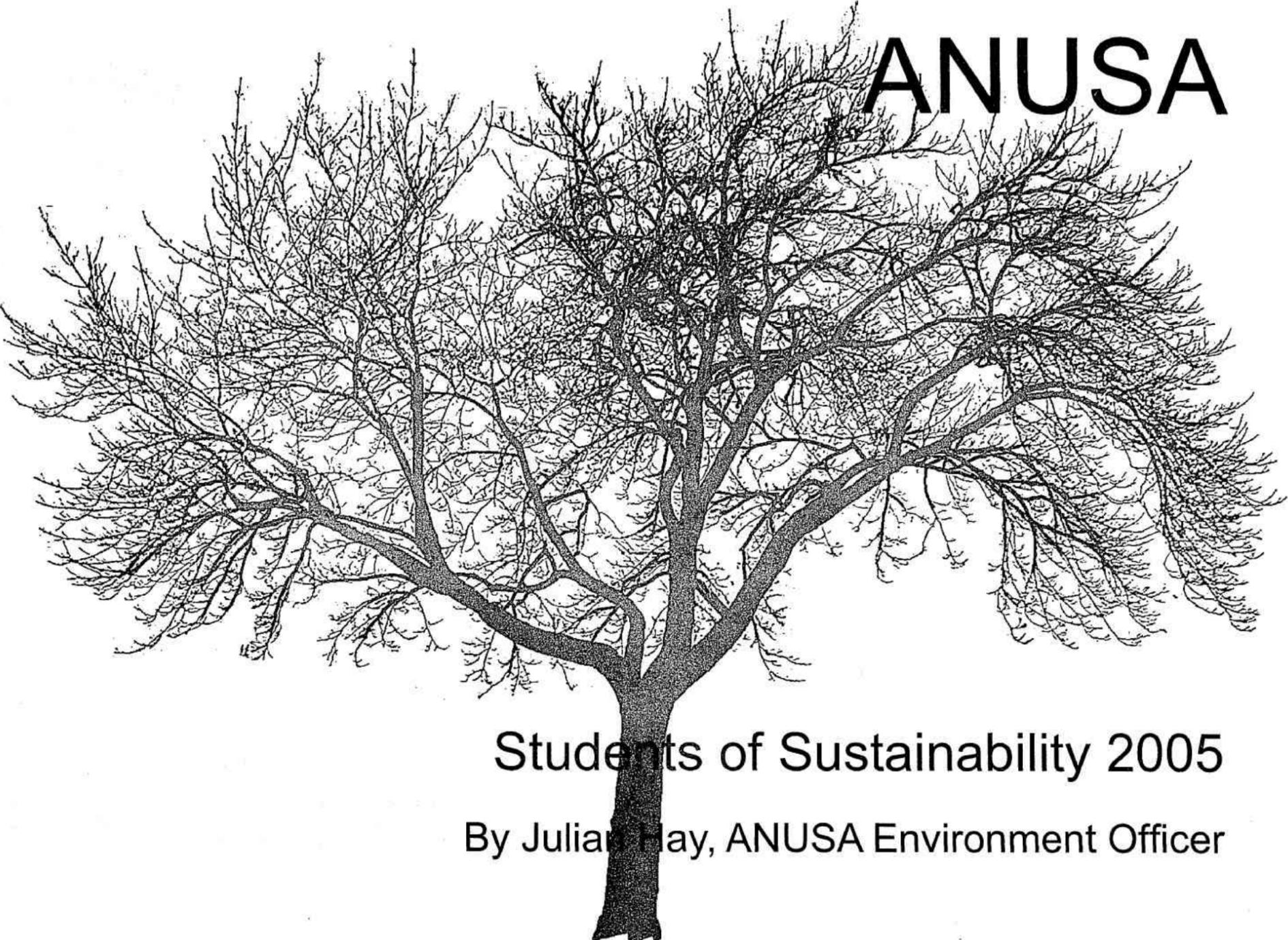
Queer is queer-identifying. If you say you're queer, you probably are. Well, it is nice and inclusive. I like that about it. It is rather circular and pointless, though, and it completely misses the fact that many queers identify as such for a reason. Otherwise I'd be sitting here typing "womble is womble-identifying..."

The definition we voted on was that "a heterosexualist may be queer if they oppose heteronormativity." And I hated it. I'm sure it sounds like a lot of nonsense to most of you. We're a bunch of wankers who like to use words which don't appear in any normal dictionary, and what's worse, we don't always agree on what these words mean, so I'll start off with a few definitions. Heteronormativity is everything that reproduces and enforces the idea that people

ought to conform to a heterosexual view of normality, or even excludes the rest of us from consideration entirely. Take my word for it, it's not nice, and it's not necessary. When it's supported by violence, fear or hatred it becomes homophobia; the rest of the time, it's still frustrating as hell.

Heterosexualist is often used as a synonym for heterosexist. Heterosexism supports heteronormativity, and it sure as hell isn't very queer, so that can't be what they meant. Heterosexualist can also mean someone who does heterosexual things, like, for example, fucking people of a differing gender, regardless of whether they identify as heterosexual.

Don't get me wrong, I do believe that someone can practise heterosexuality and still be queer. It's clear as day that bisexuals and transfolk can do it, and they're not the only ones. But just opposing heteronormativity on ideological grounds is not enough. A male-identified male-bodied person who wears only men's clothing, is attracted only to women, has sex only with women, and does not identify as queer but thinks that "gays should be able to you know, like, get married and stuff" is so totally not queer. Here's my favourite definition: a person may be queer if they are excluded by heteronormativity, whether by their body, identity or lifestyle. It clearly makes the distinction between being queer-friendly and being queer while still being more inclusive than the usual GLBTI alphabetti-spaghetti. Fighting for queer rights just because it's the right thing to do is great, but please, never forget whose rights we're fighting for. We can't stop making the distinction between queers and everybody else before everybody else does. We can't assimilate before homophobia and heteronormativity are dead. Otherwise all we're doing is losing the ability to talk about the problems we face.



Students of Sustainability 2005

By Julian Hay, ANUSA Environment Officer

Overall this was a great experience with so many wonderful people, doing so many wonderful things for the environment. Some of my favourite things were the talks from the Indigenous mob about the issues that they face, explaining their connection to the land, and how we can unite to put this issue on the government's agenda. We also discussed how to put a stop to negative affects on the environment and society. There were so many activities to participate in and adventures to go on from Dumpster Diving to big Group Hugs. The Wilderness Society took a group out to the Upper Yarra Catchment to have a look at what was going on out there, with some interesting discussions on logging in the catchment, the affect that siltation is having on catchment water quality, and the loss of genetic diversity associated with traditional clear fell and burn approaches to Forest Management. There was great music, and many great opportunities to meet new people from across Australia interested in the environment. There were plenty of opportunities to discuss issues directly with different groups such as the Indigenous mob campaigning for the Black GST, stop Genocide, Sovereignty and Treaty. There were also representatives from the Free West Papua. The Chai Tent was going off as usual with plenty of drumming, chai and late night conversations. The Indigenous crew put on their own food, a delight full choice of Kangaroo, Possum and other native foods interspersed with the occasional beef sausage!

The action in the city centre was vibrant; there were plenty of people there and it was exciting to be a part of. The rally against Hazelwood Power Station on the steps on Parliament House was quite a spectacle, with protest chants, wild drumming and high spirits. Hopefully some awareness was raised and the message got out to the wider public. Disruption to the people and to the traffic was peaceful, despite some of the drivers getting a little irate. One police officer on her horse brought a sense of clarity to the situation, and with her comrades did not cause too much of a disturbance. The only confrontation came when some members of the protest were thrown out of the BHP Biliton's foyer. It was difficult to ascertain exactly why this occurred but there were cries of police brutality and unnecessary aggression by the same officer on the horse; maybe only a few scrapes and bruises for the unfortunate individual. Nonetheless, the individual in the window of the foyer looking out across the crowd seemed to take some notice of the protest. The officious man with his papers and his coat, muttered something about the immediate need for electricity as he walked passed the crowd up into the offices of Parliament House. Meanwhile, the crowd outside called for an end to the Brown Coal Industry and the new plans for Hazelwood.

Next year's SOS will be held in Queensland and we look forward to being a part of that. Hopefully we will be able to participate and offer some skills with next year's collective.

Gig Guide

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August

- 17.08.05: Bluebottle Kiss + Matt Handley and The Dagger Stares + AV @ ANU
- 18.08.05: Architecture in Helsinki + Clue to Kalo + Mid State Orange @ ANU
Brisk + Morti Viventi + Moments @ Toast
- 19.08.05: Not Drowning Waving @ ANU
Hell City Glamors @ The Green Room
- 20.08.05: Havoc Punk Show w/ Never in Doubt + Merkin etc. @ The Green Room
- 24.08.05: Kid Courageous + The Floors @ ANU
- 25.08.05: Mix Master Mike @ ANU
The Mess Hall @ The Green Room
- 26.08.05: Drive to Grace + Punishment + Smug Goat + Shigella @ The Green Room
- 27.08.05: Little Birdy + Tegan and Sarah @ ANU
- 31.08.05: After the Fall @ ANU

September

- 01.09.05: Shihad + COG @ ANU
- 02.09.05: Reguritator + The Mint Chicks @ ANU
- 03.09.05: Ug Beats + Glam Radness + Hancock Basement @ Toast
Epic Flagon + The Brazen Hearts + Faux Pas @ Church Bar
Brisk + Morti Viventi + This Night Creeps @ Griffen Center
- 05.09.05: Hancock Basement @ The Phoenix
- 06.09.05: Martha Wainwright @ Tilley's Devine Cafe
- 14.09.05: Spoon @ ANU
- 15.09.05: Tambalane + British India @ ANU

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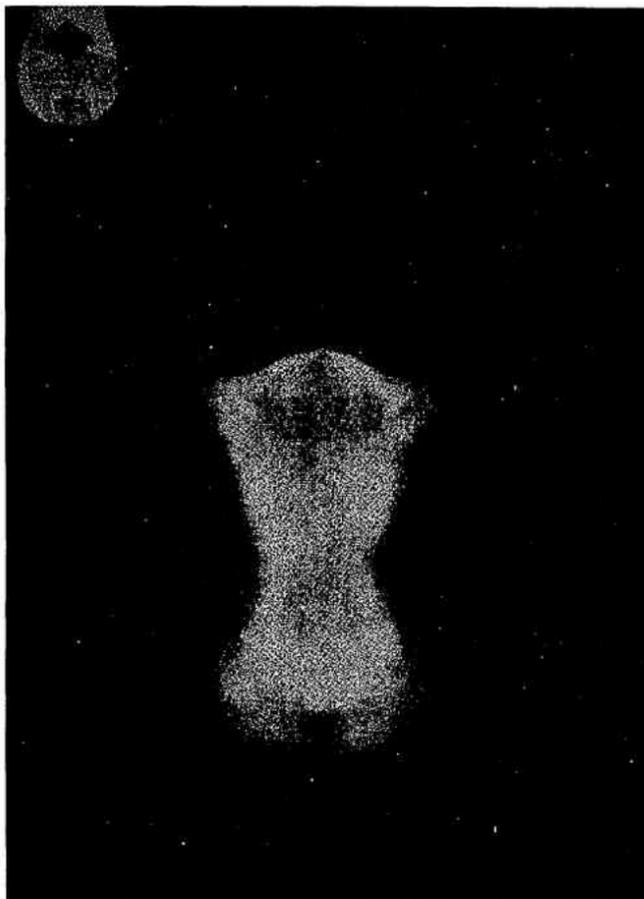
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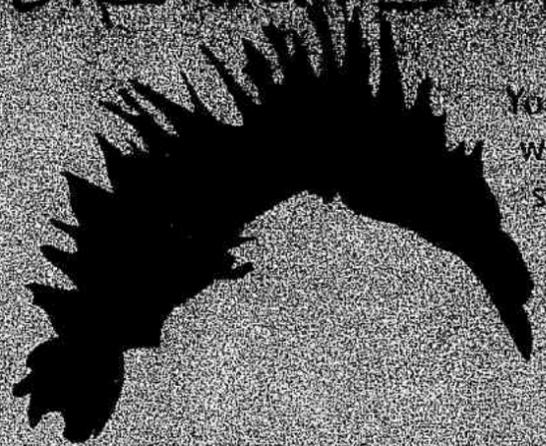
By Rachael Kendrick



You know, I don't buy these just-so stories about feminism floating around these days. Like, one day we were in the dark ages, where there was much suffering and pounds of Victorian underwear, and women wilted like delicate flowers in bechambers while their husbands whipped houseboys and colonised the greater part of the world, and, lo, there was no light in the world. Then some ladies donned breeches and flung themselves beneath horses and, lo, it was good. Later on some other ladies, scarier ladies with armpit hair and stern slab faces, noted that many of their sisters had been stripped of their rational dress and draped over everything from cars to typewriters in an effort to sell things through sex, wicked, heteronormative sex. And, lo, the fragile peace betwixt the sexes was shattered when unattractive women in sensible shoes began shouting incomprehensibly about 'objectification' and 'liberation' and 'hand mirrors' (if you suppressed a chuckle just then I'll totally let you get to second base with me). Then some other women, women who enjoyed sex and pantyhose and shoulder pads and Vagisil and didn't want to be told off by other women who clearly took no care of their hair, invented a new liberation where we could be sexy and smart and independent, and could drape themselves over whatever they damn well pleased, and the people rejoiced and the Lord blessed the land with Wonderbras and Sex and the City.

So now, in the good, enlightened days, we have ads like this for Libra, where a woman's body is conveniently photoshopped into the shape of a pad. And we're supposed to think, oh, how witty! You're playing up woman's ancient connection with her body by showing us how sensual and curvaceous she is! And she bleeds from her vag, too, aren't we liberated? Because, dude - no. I seriously don't understand why marketing for pads and tampons and whatnot has to be so puerile and insulting. I honestly don't understand why it needs so much damned marketing, anyway. If it soaks up the endometrial tissue, blood and mucous issuing from my cervix a few days out of the month I'm cool with it. If it's packaged so my cat can't dig it out of my bag and rip it to fuzzy shreds in the kitchen I'm cool with it. So why, why play up to the oldest trope in the book of very old tropes used by advertisers throughout time? Woman bleeds, bleeding is icky, delicately allude to bleeding as something mystical and wonderful, a sign of her connection to her mystical and wonderful body, which, look, curves in places. As if a pad has to have that shape to function. Why has no one pointed out that pads have nipped waists to fit the gusset of your undies? If anything is designed with the female body in mind it's the tampon, but it's mighty hard to sex up a bullet of cotton held in place by the muscular walls of one's vagina. So can we quit making women's bodies into objects already? It's not cute, and it's not very witty. And, sorry to be so very backwards, but can we stop making women's bodies into objects of consumption, objects women are meant to consume themselves? It's kind of twisted and, besides, I thought we were beyond that now.

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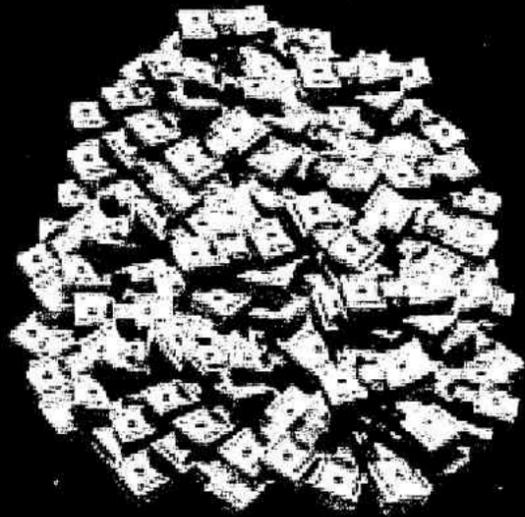
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